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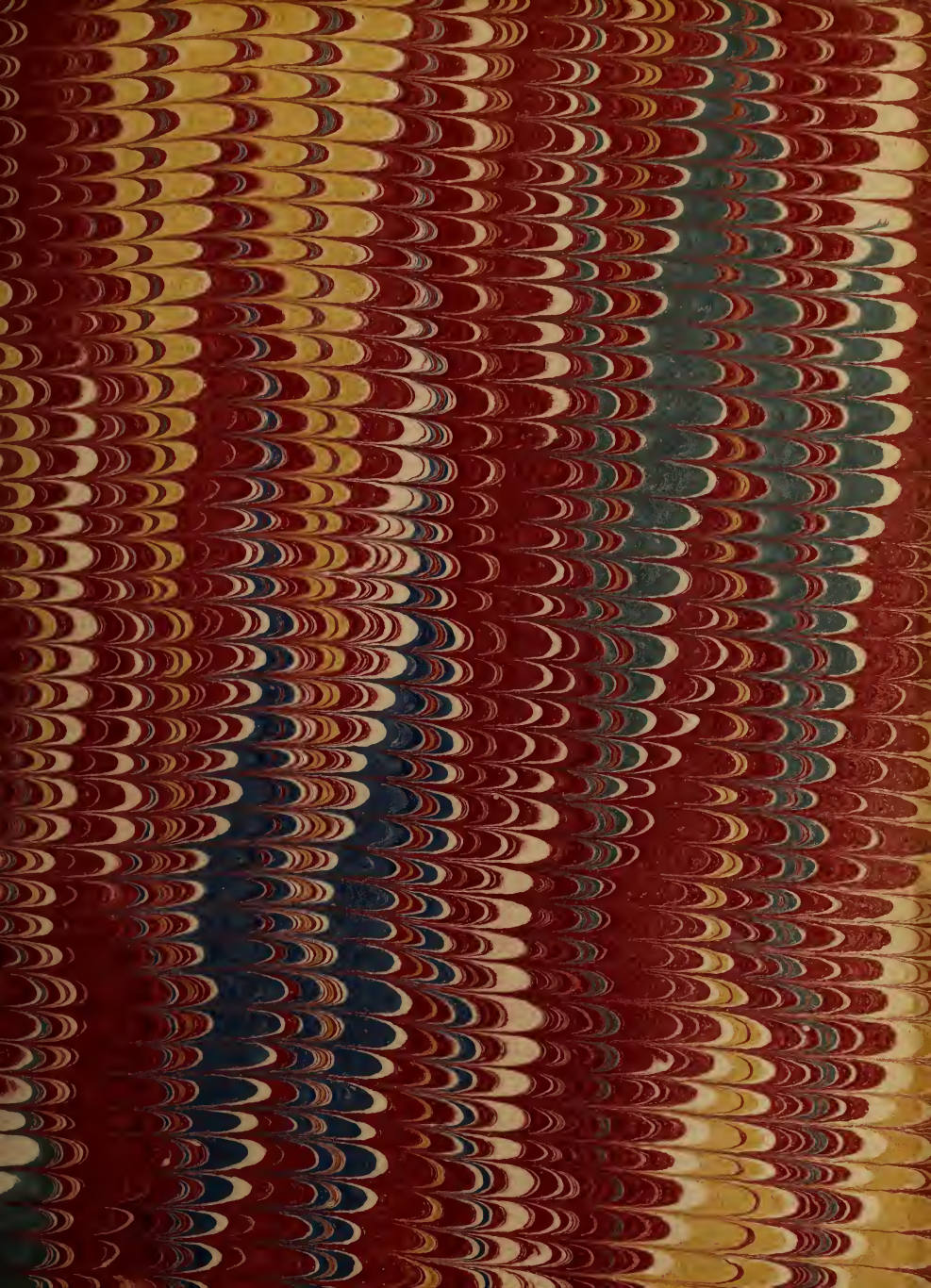


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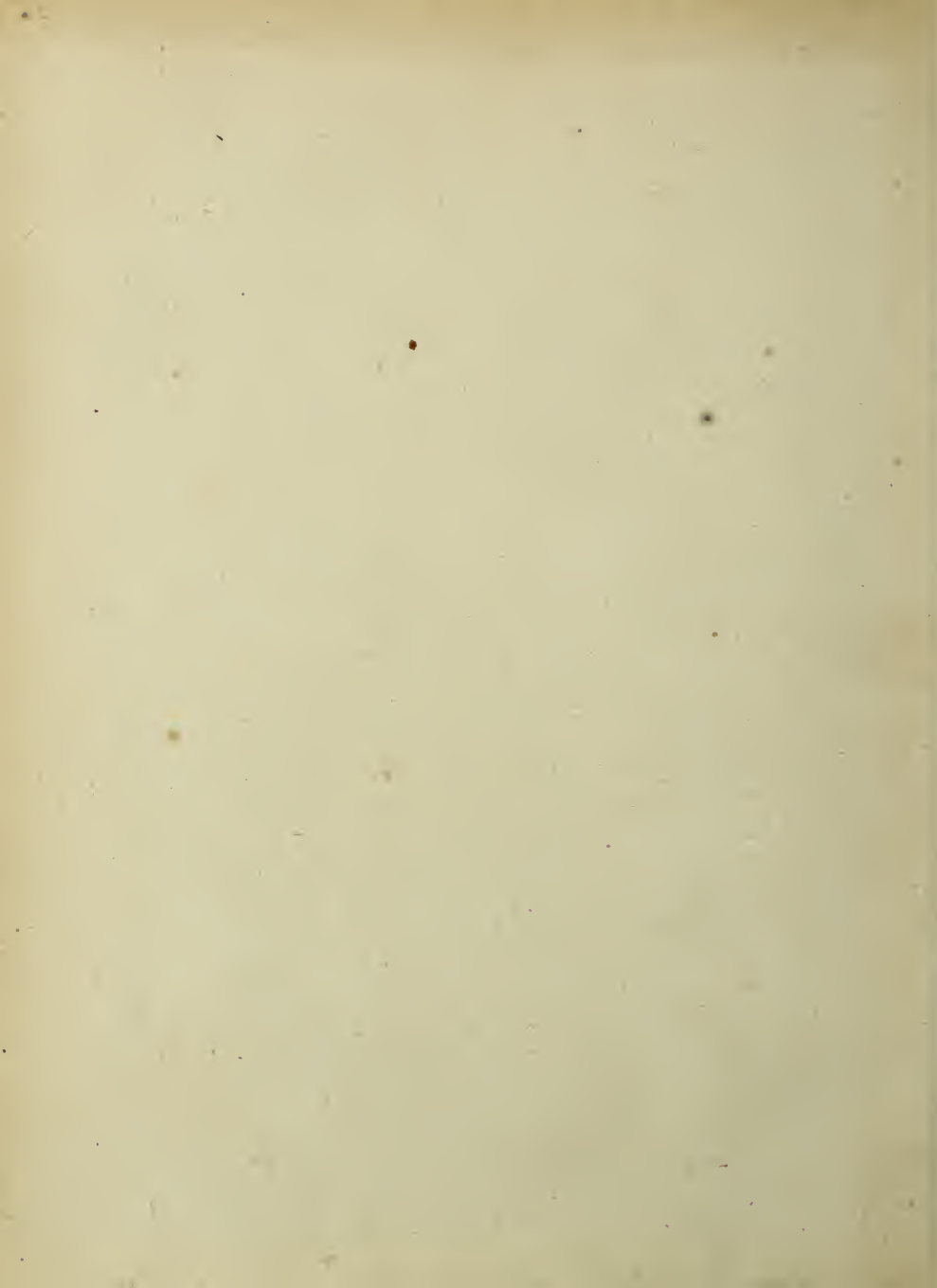
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Pericles, Prince of
Tyre.

*With the true Relation of the whole Hi-
story, adventures, and fortunes of
the saide Prince.*

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.



Printed for T. P. 1619.

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THE HISTORY OF Pericles, Prince of Tyre.

Enter Gower.



O sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes, ancient *Gower* is come,
Assuming mans infirmities,
To glad your eare, and please your eies;
It hath beene sung at Festiualls,
On Ember eues, and holy-daies

And Lords and Ladies in their liues,
Haue read it for restoratiues :
The purchase is to make men glorious.

Et bonum quo Antiquius eo melius:

If you, borne in these latter times,
When wits more ripe, accept my Rimes;
And that to heare an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring :
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you like Taper-light.

This *Antioch*, then, *Antiochus* the great,
Built vp this City for his chiefeft seate ;
The fairest in all *Syria*.

I tell you what mine Authors say :
This King vnto him tooke a Peere,
Who died, and left a female heire,
So bucksome, blithe, and full of face,

R

As

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

As heauen had lent her all his grace:
With whom the Father liking tooke,
And her to incest did prouoke:
Bad childe, worse father, to entice his owne.
To euill should be done by none:
But custome, what they did begin,
Was with long vse, accounted no sinne,
The beauty of this sinfull Dame,
Made many Princes thether frame,
To seeke her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage pleasures, play-fellow:
Which to preuent, he made a Law,
To keepe her still, and men in awe,
That who so askt her for his wife,
His Riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many of wight did die,
As yon grim lookes do testifie.
What ensues to the iudgement of your eye,
I giue my cause, who best can iustifie. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.

Ant. Yong Prince of Tyre, you haue at large receiued
The danger of the taske you vndertake.

Per. I haue (*Antiochus*) and with a soule emboldned
With the glory of her praise, thinke death no hazard,
In this enterprize.

Ant. Musicke bring in our daughter, cloathed like a bride
For embracements, euen of *Ioue* himselfe;
At whose conception, till *Lucina* reigned,
Nature this dowry gaue, to glad her presence,
The Senate house of Planets all did sit,
To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter Antiochus Daughter.

Per. See where she comes, appareld like the Spring,
Graces her subiects, and her thoughts the King,
Of euery vertue giues renowne to men.

Her

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Her face the booke of praises, where is read,
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence,
Sorrow were euer rackt, and testy wrath
Could neuer be her milde companion.
You Gods that made me man, and sway in loue,
That haue enflam'd desire in my brest,
To taste the fruite of yon celestially tree,
(Or die in the aduventure) be my helps,
As I am sonne and seruant to your will,
To compasse such a bondlesse happinesse.

Anti. Prince Pericles.

Per. That would be sonne to great *Antiochus*.

Anti. Before thee stands this faire *Hesperides*,
With golden fruite, but dangerous to be toucht:
For death like Dragons heere affright thee hard,
Her face like heauen, enticeth thee to view
Her countlesse glory, which desert must gaine:
And which without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all the whole heape must dye,
Yon sometimes famous Princes like thy selfe,
Drawne by report, aduenturous by desire,
Tell thee with speechlesse tongues, and semblance pale,
That without couering, saue yon field of starres,
Heere they stand martyrs, slaine in *Cupids* warres:
And with dead cheekes aduise thee to desist,
For going on dearhs net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus I thanke thee, who hath taught
My fraile mortality to know it selfe,
And by those fearefull obiects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remembred, should be like a Myrrour,
Who tels vs, life's but breath, to trust it error:
Ile make my will then, and as sicke men do,
Who know the world, see heauen, but feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly ioyes, as erst they did;
So I bequeathe a happy peace to you,
And all good men, as euery Prince should do:

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

My riches to the earth from whence they came :
But my vnspotted fire of Loue to you,
Thus ready for the way of life or death,
I waite the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)
Scorning aduice; read the conclusion then :
Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,
As these before, thou thy selfe shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all said yet, thou proue prosperous,
Of all said yet, I wish thee happinesse.

Per. Like a bold Champion I assume the Listes,
Nor aske aduice of any other thought,
But faithfulnessse and courage.

The Riddle.

*I am no Viper, yet I feede
On mothers flesh which did me breed :
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindnesse in a father.
Hee's father, sonne, and husband milde,
I Mother, Wife, and yet his childe;
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will liue, resolue it you.*

Sharpe physicke is the last; but O you powers !
That giues heauen countlesse eyes to view mens actes,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to reade it,
Faire glasse of light, I lou'd you and could still,
Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with ill :
But I must tell you, now my thoughts reuolt,
For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,
That knowing sinne within, will touch the gate :
You are a faire Vyoll, and your sence the strings,
Who fingerd to make man his lawfull musicke,
Would draw heauen downe, and all the gods to hearken,
But being plaid vpon before your time,
Hell onely daunceth at so harsh a chime :

Good

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Good sooth, I care not for you.

Anti. Prince *Pericles*, touch not vpon thy life,
For that's an article within our Law,
As dangerous as the rest: your times expirde
Either expound now, or receiue your sentence.

Peri. Great King,

Few loue to heare the sinnes they loue to acte,
T'would braid your selfe too neare for me to tell it:
Who hath a booke of all that Monarchs do,
Hee's more secure to keepe it shut, then shewne:
For vice repeated, is like the wandring winde,
Blowes dust in others eies, to spread it selfe;
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,
The breath is gone, and the sore eies see cleare.
To stop the aire would hurt them, the blinde Mole cast
Copt hils toward heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd
By mans oppression, and the poore worrne doth die for't.
Kings are earths Gods: in vice their law's their will,
And if *Ioue* stray, who dares say, *Ioue* doth ill.
It is enough you know, and it is fit;
What being more knowne, growes worse to smother it.
All loue the wombe that their being bred,
Then giue my tongue like leaue to loue my head.

Ant. Heauen that I had it; he has found the meaning,
But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,
Though by the tenour of your strict edict,
Your exposition mis-interpreting,
We might proceed to counsell of your daies;
Yet hope, succeeding from so faire a tree,
As your faire selfe, doth tune vs otherwise:
Forty daies longer we do respite you,
If by which time our secret be vndone,
This mercy shewes, wee'l ioy in such a sonne:
And vntill then, your entertaine shall be
As doth besit our honour, and your worth.

Exit.

Maner Pericles solus.

Per. How courtesie would seeme to couer sinne,

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight,
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certaine you were not so bad,
As with foule Incest to abuse your soule:
VWhere now you both a father and a sonne,
By your vntimely claspings with your childe,
(VWhich pleasures fits an husband, not a father)
And she an eater of her mothers flesh,
By the defiling of her parents bed,
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poyson breed.
Antioch far well, for wisdom sees those men
Blush not in actions blacker then the night,
VWill shew no course to keepe them from the light:
One sinne (I know) another doth prouoke;
Murder's as neere to lust, as flame to smoake:
Poyson and treason are the hands of sinne,
I, and the Targets to put off the shame,
Then least my life be cropt to keepe you cleare,
By flight Ile shun the danger which I feare. *Exit.*

Enter Antiochus.

Anti. He hath found the meaning,
For which we meane to haue his head,
He must not liue to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, *Antiochus* doth sinne
In such a loathed manner.
And therefore instantly this Prince must die,
For by his fall, my honour must keepe hie.
VWho attends vs there?

Enter Thaliard.

Thal. Doth your highnesse call?

Anti. *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber,
And our minde pertakes her priuate actions
To your secrecie; and for your faithfulnessse
VVe will aduance you *Thaliard*:

Behold,

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Behold, heer's poyson and heer's gold,
VVe hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him,
It fits thee not to aske the reason why?
Because we bid it: say, is it done?

Thal. My Lord, tis done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough. Let your breath coole your selfe, telling your
haste.

Mess. My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt liue, flye after, and like an arrow shot from
a well experient Archer hits the marke his eye doth leuell it: so
do thou neuer returne, vnlesse thou say, Prince *Pericles* is dead.

Thal. My Lord, if I can get him within my pistols length, Ile
make him sure enough: so farwell to your highnesse.

Anti. *Thaliard* adieu, till *Pericles* be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head.

Exit.

Enter Pericles with his Lords.

Per. Let none disturbe vs:

VVhy should this change of thoughts,
The sad companion dull-eyde melancholy,
By me so vsde, a guest as not an houre,
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,
The toombe where grieffe should sleepe, can breed me quiet,
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger which I feard, is at *Antioch*,
VVhose arme seemes farre too short to hit me here,
Yet neither pleasures art can ioy my spirits,
Nor yet the others distance comfort me:
Then it is thus, that passions of the minde,
That haue their first conception by mis-dread,
Haue after nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but feare, what might be done,
Growes elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me; the great *Antiochus*,
Gainst whom I am too little to contend,

Since

Pericles Prince of Tyre!

Since hee's so great, can make his will his acte,
Will thinke me speaking, though I sweare to silence,
Nor bootes it me to say I honour,
If he suspect I may dishonour him.
And what may make him blush in being knowne,
Hee'l stop the course by which it might be knowne,
With hostile forces hee'l ore-spread the land,
And with the stint of warre will looke so huge,
Amazement shall driue courage from the state:
Our men be vanquisht, ere they do resist,
And subiects punisht, that neuer thought offence,
Which care of them, not pittie of my selfe,
VVho once no more but as the tops of trees,
VVhich fence the rootes they grow by, and defend them,
Makes both my body pine, and soule to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

1. *Lord.* Ioy and all comfort in your sacred breast.

2. *Lord.* And keepe your minde till ye returne to vs peacefull
and comfortable.

Hell. Peace, peace, and giue experience tongue:
They do abuse the King that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellowes blowes vp sinne,
The thing the which is flattered, but a sparke,
To which that sparke giues heart and stronger glowing,
Whereas reproofe obedient and in order,
Fits kings as they are men, for they may erre,
When Signior sooth here doth proclaime peace,
He flatters you, makes warre vpon your life.
Prince pardon me, or strike me if you please,
I cannot be much lower then my knees.

Per. All leaue vs else: but let your cares ore-looke
What shipping, and what ladings in our Hauen,
And then returne to vs: *Helicanus* thou hast
Moou'd vs: what seest thou in our lookes?

Hell. An angry brow, dread Lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in Princes frownes,
How durst thy tongue moue anger to our face?

Hell.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Hell. How dares the planets looke vp to heauen,
From whence they haue their nourishment ?

Per. Thou knowest I haue power to take thy life from thee.

Hell. I haue ground the axe my selfe,
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prethee rise, sit downe, thou art no flatterer,
I thanke thee for it, and heauen forbid,
That Kings should let their eares heare their faults hid,
Fit Councillor, and seruant for a Prince,
Who by thy wisdom makes a Prince thy seruant,
What wouldst thou haue me do ?

Hell. To beare with patience such griefes,
As you your selfe do lay vpon your selfe.

Per. Thou speakest like a Physitian, *Hellicanus*,
That ministers a portion vnto me,
That thou wouldst tremble to receiue thy selfe.
Attend me then ; I went to *Antioch*,
Whereas thou knowst (against the face of death)
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propigate,
Are armes to Princes, and bring ioyes to Subiects :
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,
The rest (harke in thine eare) as blacke as incest,
Which by my knowledge found, the sinfull father,
Seem'd not to strike, but smoothe : But thou knowst this,
Tis time to feare, when tyrants seeme to kisse.
Which feare so grew in me I hither fled,
Vnder the couering of a carefull night,
Who seem'd my good Protector : and being here,
Bethought what was past, what might succeed ;
I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants feare
Decrease not, but grow faster then the yeares :
And should he thinke, as no doubt he doth,
That I should open to the listening ayre,
How many worthy Princes blood were shed,
To keepe his bed of blacknesse vnlaide ope,
To lop that doubt, hee'l fill this Land with armes,

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

And make pretence of wrong that I haue done him,
When all for mine, if I may call offence,
Must feele warres blow, who feares not innocence:
Which loue to all, of which thy selfe art one,
Whonow reprocuedst me for it.

Hell. Alasse sir.

Per. Drew sleepe out of mine eyes, blood from my cheekes,
Musings into my minde, with thousand doubts
How I might stop their tempest ere it came,
And finding little comfort to relecue them,
I thought it princely charity to greeue for them.

Hell. Well my Lord, since you haue giuen me leaue to speake,
Freely will I speake, *Antiochus* you feare,
And iustly too I thinke you feare the tyrant,
Who cyther by publike warre, or priuate treason,
Will take away your life: therefore my Lord, goe trauell for a
while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the Destinies
do cut his thred of life: your Rule direct to any, if vnto me, day
serues not light more saichfull then Ile be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith,
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

Hell. VVee'l mingle our blouds together in the earth,
From whence we had our being, and our birth.

Per. *Tyre*, I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharsus*
Intend my trauaile, where Ile heare from thee;
And by whose Letters Ile dispose my selfe,
The care I had and haue, of Subiects good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdomes strength can beare it,
Ile take thy word for faith, not aske thine oath,
Who shuns not to breake one, will cracke both.
But in our orbes we liue so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall neere conuince,
Thou shewest a subiects shine, I a true Prince.

Exit.

Enter Thaliard solus.

Thal. So, this is *Tyre*, and this is the Court, heere must I kill
King *Pericles*, and if I do it not, I am sure to be hanged at home:
it

it is dangerous.

Well, I perceiue he was a wise fellow, and had good discreti-
on, that being bid to aske what he would of the King, desired
hee might know none of his secrets. Now do I see hee had
some reason for it: for if a King bid a man be a villaine, hee is
bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.

Husht, heere comes the Lords of Tyre.

*Enter Hellicanus, Escanes, with other
Lords of Tyre.*

Hell. You shall not need, my fellow-Peeres of Tyre, further
to question me of your Kings departure: his sealed Commis-
sion left in trust with me, doth speake sufficiently, hee's gone to
trauell.

Thal. How? the King gone?

Hell. If further yet you will be satisfied, (why as it were vn-
licenc'd of your loues) he would depart? Ile giue some light vn-
to you: Being at *Antioch*,

Thal. What from *Antioch*?

Hell. Royall *Antiochus* (on what cause I know not) took some
displeasure at him, at least he iudged so: and doubting that hee
had erred or sinned, to shew his sorrow, he would correct him-
selfe; so puts himselfe vnto the ship-mans toyle, with whom,
each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. VVell, I perceiue I shall not bee hanged now, although
I would, but since hee's gone, the Kings Seas must please: hee
scapte the Land, to perish at the Sea: Ile present my selfe, Peace
to the Lords of Tyre.

Hell. Lord *Thaliard* from *Antiochus* is welcome.

Thal. From him I come with message vnto Princely *Pericles*;
but since my landing I haue vnderstood, your Lord hath be-
tooke himselfe to vnknowne trauailes, my message must returne
from whence it came.

Hell. VVe haue no reason to desire it, commended to our Ma-
ster, not to vs; yet ere you shall depart, this wee desire as friends
to *Antioch*, we may feast in Tyre.

*Exeunt.
Enter*

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

*Enter Cleon the Governour of Tharsus, with his wife
and others.*

Cleon. My *Dionisia*, shall we rest vs here,
And by relating tales of others griefes,
See if t'will teach vs to forget our owne ?

Dion. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,
For who digs hills because they do aspire,
Throwes downe one Mountaine to cast vp a higher :
O my distressed Lord, euen such our griefes are,
Here they are but felt, and seene with mischiefes eies,
But like to Groues being topt, they higher rise.

Cleon. O *Dionizia*,
Who wannerh food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceale his hunger till he famish ?
Our tongues and sorrowes do sound deepe :
Our woes into the ayre, our eyes to weepe,
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaime
Them louder, that if heauen slumber, while
Their creatures want, they may awake
Their helpers, to comfort them.

He then discourse our woes felt severall yeares,
And wanting breath to speake, helpe me with teares.

Dion. He do my best Sir.

Cleon. This *Tharsus*, ore which I haue the gouernment,
A Citty, on whom plenty held full hand :
For riches strewd her selfe euen in the streetes,
Whose towers bore heads so high, they kist the clouds,
And strangers nere beheld, but wondred at,
Whose men and dames so ietted and adorn'd,
Like one anothers glasse to trim them by :
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight,
All pouerty was scornd, and pride so great,
The name of helpe grew odious to repeate.

Dion. Oh tis true.

Cleon. But see what heauen can do by this our change :

These

These mouthes, who but of late, earth, sea, and ayre,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gaue their creatures in abundance :
As houses are defilde for want of vse,
They are now staru'd for want of exercise ;
Those pallats, who not yet to sauers yonger,
Must haue inuentions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it :
These mothers, who to nouzell vp their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eate those little darlings whom they loued,
So sharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,
Draw lots who first shall dye to lengthen life.
Here stands a Lord, and there a Lady weeping,
Heere many sinke, yet those which see them fall,
Haue scarce strength left to giue them buriall.
Is not this true ?

Dion. Our cheekes and hollow eies do witnesse it.

Cleon. O let those Citties that of plenties cup,
And her prosperites so largely taste,
With their superfluous ryots heare these teares,
The misery of *Tharsus* may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the Lord Gouvernor ?

Cleon. Here, speake out thy sorrowes, which thou bring'st in
haste, for comfort is too farre for vs to expect.

Lord. We haue descried vpon our neighbouring shore,
A portly sayle of ships make hitherward,

Cleon. I thought as much.

One sorrow neuer comes but brings an heyre,
That may succede as his inheritour :
And so in ours ; some neighbouring Nation,
Taking aduantage of our misery,
That stuffe the hollow vessels with their power,
To beate vs downe, the which are downe already,
And make a conquest of vnhappy me,
Whereas no glory is got to ouercome.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Lord. That's the least feare.

For by the semblance of their white flags displaid, they bring vs peace, and come to vs as fauourers, not as foes.

Cleon. Thou speak'st like hymmes vntut'd to repeat,
VVho makes the fairest shew, meanes most deceit.
But bring they what they will, and what they can,
VVhat need we feare, the ground's the lowest,
And we are halfe way there : Goe tell their Generall we attend
him heere, to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, &
what he craues.

Lord. I goe my Lord.

Cleon. VVelcome is peace, if he on peace consist;
If warres, we are vnable to resist.

Enter Pericles with attendants.

Per. Lord Gouvernor, for so we heare you are,
Let not our ships and number of our men,
Be like a Beacon fired, to amaze your eyes,
VVe haue heard your miseries as farre as *Tyre*,
And scene the desolation of your streetes,
Nor come we to adde sorrow to your teares,
But to release them of their heauy load,
And these our ships you happily may thinke,
Are like the Troian horse, was stufte within
VVith bloody veines expecting ouerthrow,
Are stor'd with corne, to make your needy bread,
And giue them life, whom hunger staru'd halfe dead.

Omnes. The Gods of Greece protect you,
And wee'l pray for you.

Per. Arise I pray you, arise; we doe not looke for reuerence,
but for loue, and harborage for our selfe, our ships, and men.

Cleon. The which when any shall not gratifie,
Or pay you with vnthankfulnesse in thought,
Be it our wiues, our children, or our selues,
The curse of heauen and men succeed their euils :
Till when, the which (I hope) shall nere be scene :
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and vs.

Per.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Per. VVhich welcome wee'l accept, feast here a while,
Vntill our Stars that frowne, lend vs a smile, *Exeunt*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Here haue you seene a mighty King,
His childe Iwis to incest bring :
A better Prince and benigne Lord,
That will proue awfull both in deed and word.
Be quiet then, as men should be,
Till he hath past necessity :
He shew you those in troubles raigne,
Losing a myte, a Mountaine gaine :
The good in conuersation,
To whom I giue my benizon,
Is still at Tharsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he spoken can :
And to remember what he does,
Build his Statue to make him glorious :
But tydings to the contrary,
Are brought t'your eyes, what need speake I.

Dumbe Shew,

*Enter at one doore Pericles tal'ing with Cleon, all the Traine with thē :
Enter at another doore, a Gentleman with a letter to Pericles ; Pericles shewes the letter to Cleon, Pericles giues the Messenger a reward, and Knights him.*

Exit Pericles at one doore, and Cleon at another.

Good *Hellican* that staid at home,
Not to eate hony like a Drone,
From others labours ; for though he strue
To killen bad, keepe good aliue :
And to fulfill his Princes desire,
Sau'd one of all that haps in Tyre :
How *Thaliard* came full bent with sinne,
And had intent to murder him ;
And that in *Tharsus* was not best,
Longer for him to make his rest :

Hee

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

He doing so, put forth to Seas,
Where when men bin, there's sildome ease,
For now the winde begins to blow,
Thunder aboue, and deepes below,
Makes such vnquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wrackt and split,
And he (good Prince) hauing all lost,
By waues, from coast is tost:
All perishe of man of pelfe,
Ne ought escapen'd but himselfe;
Till fortune tired with doing bad,
Threw him a shore to giue him glad:
And heere he comes; what shall be next,
Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the Text.

Enter Pericles wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, your angry Stars of heauen,
Winde, Raine, and Thunder: Remember earthly man
Is but a substance that must yeeld to you:
And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.
Alasse, the Seas hath cast me on the Rockes,
Washt me from shore to shore, and left my breath
Nothing to thinke on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatnesse of your powers,
To haue bereft a Prince of all his fortunes,
And hauing throwne him from your watry graue,
Here to haue death in peace, is all hee'l craue.

Enter three Fishermen.

1. What, to pelch?
2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
1. What patch-breech, I say.
3. What say you, Master?
1. Looke how thou stirrest now.
Come away, or ile fetch thee with a wannion.
3. Faith Master, I am thinking of the poore men
That were cast away before vs, euen now.

1. Alasse,

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

1. Alasse poore soules, it greued my heart to heare
What pittifull cryes they made to vs, to helpe them,
When (welladay) we could scarcely helpe our selues.

3. Nay Master, said not I as much,
When I saw the Porpas, how he bounst and tumbled?
They say, they are halfe fish, halfe flesh:
A plague on them, they nere come but I look to be washt.
Master, I maruell how the fishes liue in the Sea?

1. Why as men do a Land,
The great ones eate vp the little ones:
I can compare our rich Misers, to nothing so fitly
As to a Whale; he plaies and tumbles,
Driuing the poore Fry before him,
And at last deuoure them all at a mouthfull.
Such Whales haue I heard on a th land,
Who neuer leaue gaping, till they swallowed
The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Bels and all.

Per. A pretty Morall.

3. But Master, if I had beene the Sexton,
I would haue bene that day in the Belfrey.

2. Why man?

3. Because he should haue swallowed me too,
And when I had beene in his belly,
I would haue kept such a iangling of the bels,
That he should neuer haue left,
Till he cast Bels, Steeple, Church and Parish vp againe:
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde,

Per. *Simonides*?

3. We would purge the Land of these Drones,
That rob the Bee of her honny.

Per. How from the fenny subiect of the sea,
These fishers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their watry Empire recollect,
All that may men approue, or men detect,
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2. Honest, good fellow, what's that, if it be a day fits you,
Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after it?

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Per. May see the sea hath cast vpon your coast.

2. What a drunken knaue was the sea,

To cast thee in our way.

Per. A man whom both the waters and the winde,
In that vaste Tennis-Court, hath made the Ball

For them to play vpon, intreates you pittie him:

He askes of you, that neuer vsde to beg.

1. No friend, cannot you beg?

Heeres them in our Country of *Greece*,

Gets more with begging, then we can do with working.

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then?

Per. I neuer practiz'd it.

2. Nay then thou wilt starue sure; for heere's nothing
to be got now-adaies, vnlesse thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I haue bene, I haue forgot to know;

But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:

A man throngd vp with cold, my veines are chill,

And haue no more of life, then may suffice

To giue my tongue that heate to aske your helpe:

Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,

For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1. Die ke-tha, now gods forbid, I haue a gowne heere, come
put it on, keepe thee warme: now afore me a handsome fellow:
Come, thou shalt goe home, and wee'l haue flesh for all day, fish
for fasting dayes and more; or Puddings and Flap-iacks, and
thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thanke you sir.

2. Harke you, my friend, You said you could not beg.

Per. I did but craue.

2. But craue? then ile turne crauer too,
And so I shall scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggers whipt then?

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all your beggers were
whipt, I would wish no better office, then to be Beadle. But Ma-
ster, Ile go draw the Net.

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour?

1. Hearke you sir, do you know where ye are?

Per.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Per. Not well.

1. I tell you, this is called *Pantapoles*,
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

Per. The good King *Symonides*, do you call him?

1. I sir, and he deserues so to be call'd,
For his peaceable raigne, and good gouernment.

Per. He is a happy King, since he gaines from
His Subiects, the name of good, by his gouernment.
How farre is his Court distant from this shore?

1. Marry sir, halfe a daies iourney: and Ile tell you, hee hath a
faire daughter, and to morrow is her birth-day, and there are
Princes and Knights come from all parts of the world, to Iust &
Turney for her loue.

Per. Were my fortunes equall to my desires,
I could wish to make one there.

1. O sir, things must be as they may: and what a man
cannot get, he may lawfully deale for his wiues soule.

Enter the two Fisher-men, drawing up a Net.

2. Helpe, Master, helpe, heere's a fish hangs in the Net, like a
poore mans right in the law, twill hardly come out. Ha bots
on't, tis come at last, and tis turnd to a rusty Armour.

Per. An Armour, friends, I pray you let me see it.
Thankes Fortune, yet that after all crosses,
Thou giuest me somewhat to repaire my selfe:
And though it was mine owne part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeathe me,
With this strict charge, euen as he left his life:
Keepe it, my *Pericles*, it hath beene a shield
Twixt me and death; and pointed to this Brayse:
For that it saued me; keepe it in like necessity:
The which the gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee.
It kept where I kept, I so dearely loued it,
Till the rough Seas (that spares not any man)
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd hath giuen't againe:
I thanke thee for't, my shipwrack now's no ill,
Since I haue here my fathers gift in's will.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

1. What meane you sir?

Per. To beg of you (kinde friends) this coate of worth,
For it was sometime Target to a King,
I know it by this marke: he loued me dearely,
And for his sake, I wish the hauing of it:
And that you'd guide me to your Soueraigns Court,
Where with it I may appeare a Gentleman:
And if that euer my low fortune's better,
Ile pay your bounties; till then rest your debter.

1. VVhy, wilt thou turney for the Lady?

Per. Ile shew the vertue I haue borne in Armes.

1. Why take it, and the gods giue thee good an't.

2. But hearke you my friend, t'was we that made vp this garment through the rough seames of the waters: there are certain condolements, certaine vailles; I hope sir, if you thriue, you'll remember from whence you had them.

Per. Belecue it I will:

By your furtherance I am cloathd in Steele,
And spight of all the rupture of the sea,
This Iewell holds his building on my arme:
Vnto thy value I will mount my selfe.
Vpon a Courser, whose delight steps,
Shall make the gazer ioy to see him tread;
Onely (my friend) I yet am vnprouided of a payre of Bases.

2. Wee'l sure prouide, thou shalt haue
My best gowne to make thee a paire;
And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.

Per. Then honour be but a Goale to my will,
This day Ile rise, or else adde ill to ill.

Enter Simonides with attendants, and Thaisa.

King. Are the Knights ready to begin the Triumph?

1. *Lord.* They are my Liege, and stay your comming,
To present themselues.

King. Returne them, we are ready, and our daughter heere,
In honour of whose birth, these triumphs are,
Sits here like beauties childe, whom Nature gat,

For

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

Thai. It pleaseth you (my royall father) to expresse
My commendations great, whose merits lesse.

King. It's fit it should be so ; for Princes are
A modell which heauen makes like it selfe :
As Iewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So Princes their Renownes, if not respected :
Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine
The labour of each Knight, in his deuice.

Thai. Which to preferue mine honour, Ile performe.

The first Knight passes by.

King. VWho is the first, that doth preferre himselfe ?

Thai. A Knight of *Sparta* (my renowned father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his shield,
Is a blacke *Ethyope* reaching at the Sunne ;
The word ; *Lux tua vita mihi.*

King. He loues you well, that holds his life of you.

The second Knight.

VWho is the second, that presents himselfe ?

Thai. A Prince of *Macedon* (my royall Father)
And the deuice he beares vpon his Shield,
Is an armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady.
The Motto thus in Spanish, *Pue Per doleera kee per forsa.*

The third Knight.

King. And what's the third ?

Thai. The third of *Antioch* ; and his deuice,
A wreathe of Chivalry : the word, *Me Pompey prouexit apex.*

The fourth Knight.

King. VWhat is the fourth ?

Thai. A burning Torch that's turned vpside downe ;
The word ; *Qui me alit me extinguit.*

King. VWhich shewes that beauty hath his power and will,
VWhich can as well enflame, as it can kill.

The fift Knight.

Thai. The fift, an hand enuironed with clouds,
Holding out gold, that's by the touch-stone tride :

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

The Motto thus : *Sic spectanda fides.*

The sixth Knight.

King. And what's the sixth and last, the which the Knight himselfe with such a gracefull courtesie deliuered ?

Thai. He seemes to be a stranger : but his Present is
A withered Branch, that's onely greene at top ;
The Motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

King. A pretty morrall ; from the dejected state wherein hee is, he hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better then his outward shew can any way speake in his iust commend : For by his rusty out-side, he appears to haue practised more the Whipstocke, then the Lance.

2. *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes to an honord triumph strangely furnisht.

3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust Vntill this day, to scowre it in the dust.

King. Opinion's but a foole, that makes vs scan
The outward habite, by the inward man.
But stay, the Knights are comming,
We will with-draw into the Gallery.

Great shoutes, and all cry, The meane Knight.

Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.

King. Knights, to say you'r welcome, were superfluous.
I place vpon the volume of your deeds,
As in a Title page, your worth in armes ;
Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,
Since euery worth in shew commends it selfe :
Prepare for mirth, for mirth comes at a feast.
You are Princes, and my guests.

Thai. But you my Knight and guest,
To whom this wreath of victory I giue,
And crowne you King of this daies happinesse.

Per. Tis more by fortune (Lady) then by merit.

King. Call it by what you will, the day is yours,
And heere, I hope, is none that enuies it :

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

In framing an Artift, Art hath thus decreed,
To make ſome good, but others to exceed,
And you her labour'd ſcholler : come Queene of th' feaſt,
For (daughter) ſo you are, here take your place :
Martiall the reſt, as they deſerue their grace.

Knights. VVe are honoured much by good *Symonides*.

King. Your preſence glads our daies, honour we loue,
For who hates honour, hates the Gods aboue.

Marſh. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1. Knight. Contend not ſir, for we are gentlemen,
That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Enuie the great, nor do the low deſpiſe.

You are right courteous Knights.

King. Sit, ſit, ſit.

By *Ioue* (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,
Theſe Cates reſiſt me, he not thought vpon.

Thai. By *Iuno* (that is Queene of Marriage)
All Viands that I eate do ſeeme vnſauory,
Wiſhing him my meate : ſure hee's a gallant gentleman.

King. Hee's but a country gentleman : has done no more
Then other Knights haue done, has broken a ſtaffe,
Or ſo ; let it paſſe.

Thai. To me he ſeemes Diamond to Glaſſe.

Per. Yon King's to me, like to my fathers picture,
VVhich tels me in that glory once he was,
And Princes ſat like ſtars about his Throne,
And he the Sunne, for them to reuerence ;
None that beheld him, but like leſſer lights,
Did vaile their Crownes to his ſupremacy ;
VVhere now his ſonne like a Glo-worme in the night,
The which hath fire in darkneſſe, none in light :
VVhereby I ſee that time's the King of men,
For hee's their Parents, and he is their graue,
And giues them what he will, not what they craue.

King. VVhat, are you merry, Knights ?

Knights. VVho can be other in this royall preſence ?

King.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

King. Heere, with a cup that's stur'd vnto the brim,
As you do loue, fill to your Mistresse lips,
VVe drinke this health to you.

Knights. VVe thanke your Grace.

King. Yet pause a while; yon Knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our Court,
Had not a shew might counteruaile his worth:
Note it not you, *Thaisa*?

Thai. VVhat is't to me my father?

King. O, attend my daughter,
Princes in this, should liue like Gods aboue,
VVho freely giue to euery one that come to honour them:
And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,
VVhich make a sound, but kild, are wondred at:
Therefore to make his enterance more sweet,
Heere, say we drinke this standing boule of wine to him.

Thai. Alasse my father, it befits not me,
Vnto a stranger Knight to be so bold,
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take womens gifts for impudence.

King. How? do as I bid you, or you'l moue me else.

Thai. Now by the Gods, he could not please me better.

King. And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of him,
Of whence he is, his name and Parentage.

Thai. The King my father (sir) hath drunke to you.

Per. I thanke him.

Thai. VVishing it so much blood vnto your life.

Per. I thanke both him and you, and pledge him freely.

Thai. And further, he desires to know of you,
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of *Tyre*, my name *Pericles*,
My education beene in Artes and Armes.
VVho looking for aduentures in the world,
VVas by the rough seas rest of ships and men,
And after ship-wracke, driuen vpon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your Grace; names himselfe *Pericles*,
A gentleman of *Tyre*, who onely by misfortune of the seas,

Bereft

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Bereft of fhips and men, caft on the fhore.

King. Now by the Gods, I pittie his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come gentlemen, we fit too long on trifles,
And wafte the time, which lookes for other reuels.
Euen in your armours as you are addrest,
Will well become a Souldiers dance :
I will not haue excufe, with faying that
Lowd muficke is too harfh for Ladies heads,
Since they loue men in Armes, as well as beds.

They dance.

So, this was well asked, t'was fo well performde,
Come fir, heere's a Lady that wants breathing too :
And I haue heard, you Knights of *Tyre*,
Are excellent in making Ladies trip,
And that their meafures are as excellent.

Per. In thofe that praëtife them, they are (my Lord.)

King. Oh that's as much, as you would be denied
Of your faire courtesie : vnclaspe, vnclaspe.

They dance.

Thankes gentlemen to all ; all haue done well,
But you the beft : Pages and Lights, to conduct
Thefe Knights vnto their feuerall Lodgings :
Yours fir, we haue giuen order be next our owne.

Per. I am at your Graces pleasure.

King. Princes, it is too late to talke of loue,
And that's the marke I know you leuell at :
Therefore each one betake him to his reft,
To morrow, all for fpeeding do their beft.

Enter Hellicanus and Efcanes.

Hell. No *Efcanes*, know this of me,
Antiochus from inceft liued not free :
For which, the moft high Gods not minding
Longer to with-hold the vengeance that
They had in ftore, due to this haynous
Capitall offence ; euen in the height and pride

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Of all his glory, when he was seated in
A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter
With him; a fire from heaven came and shriueled
Vp those bodies euen to loathing, for they so stunke,
That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,
Scorne now their hand should giue them buriall.

Escan. It was very strange.

Hell. And yet but iustice; for though this King were great,
His greatnesse was no guard to barre heauens shaft.
By sinne had his reward.

Escan. Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1. Lord. Sec, not a man in priuate conference,
Or counsell, hath respect with him but he.

2. Lord. It shall no longer greene without reproofe.

3. Lord. And curst be he that will not second it.

1. Lord. Follow me then: Lord *Hellicane*, a word.

Hell. With me? and welcome, happy day my Lords.

1. Lord. Know that our griefes are risen to the top,
And now at length they ouer-flow their bankes.

Hell. Your griefes, for what?
Wrong not your Prince you loue.

1. Lord. Wrong not your selfe then, noble *Hellican*,
But if the Prince do liue, let vs salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath:
If in the world he liue, wee'l seeke him out:
If in his graue he rest, wee'l finde him there,
And be resolu'd, he liues to gouerne vs:
Or dead, giue's cause to mourne his Funerall,
And leaue vs to our free Election.

2. Lord. Whose death indeed, the strongest in our censure,
And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a Roofe,
Soone fall to ruine: your noble selfe,
That best knowes how to rule and how to raigne.
We thus submit vnto our Soueraigne.

Omnes.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Omnes. Liue noble *Hellican*.

Hell. Try honours cause; forbear your suffrages:
If that you loue Prince *Pericles*, forbear,
(Take I your wish, I leape into the seas,
Where's howrely trouble, for a minutes ease)
A twelue-month longer, let me entreate you
To forbear the absence of your King;
If in which time expirde, he not returne,
I shall with aged patience beare your yoke.
But if I cannot win you to this loue,
Goe search like Nobles, like noble Subiects,
And in your search, spend your aduenturous worth,
Whom if you finde, and winne vnto returne,
You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crowne.

1. *Lord.* To wisdom, hee's a foole that will not yeeld,
And since Lord *Hellican* enioyneth vs,
We with our trauels will endeauor.

Hell. Then you loue vs, we you, and wee'l claspe hands,
When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome euer stands.

Exit.

*Enter the King reading of a Letter, at one doore,
and the Knights meete him.*

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Simonides*.

King. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelue-month, shee'l not vndertake
A married life: her reason to her selfe is onely knowne,
Which from her by no meanes can I get.

2. *Knight.* May we not get access to her (my Lord)

King. Faith by no meanes, she hath so strictly
Tyed her to her Chamber, that tis impossible:
One twelue Moones more shee'l weare *Dianas* liuery:
This by the eye of *Cynthia* hath she vowed,
And on her Virgin honour will not breake.

3. *Knight.* Loth to bid farwell, we take our leaues.

Exit.

King. So, they are well dispatcht,
Now to my daughters Letter; she tels me heere,
Shee'l wed the stranger Knight,

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Or neuer more to view nor day nor light.
Tis well Mistris, your choice agrees with mine,
I like that well : nay how absolute shee's in it,
Not minding whether I dislike or no.
Well, I do commend her choyse, and will no longer
Haue it be delayed : soft, heere he comes,
I must dissemble it.

Enter Pericles.

Per. All fortune to the good *Simonides*

King. To you as much : Sir, I am beholding to you,
For your sweet musicke this last night :
I do protest, my cares were neuer better fed
With such delightfull pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your Graces pleasure to commend,
Not my desert.

King. Sir, you are Musicks master.

Per. The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord)

King. Let me aske you one thing.

What do you thinke of my daughter, sir ?

Per. A most vertuous Princeesse.

King. And shee's faire too, is she not ?

Per. As a faire day in Summer : wondrous faire.

King. Sir, my Daughter thinks very well of you,
I so well, that you must be her Master,
And she will be your Scholler ; therefore looke to it.

Per. I am vnworthy to be her schoole-master.

King. She thinks not so ; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's heere, a letter, that she loues the Knight of Tyre ?
Tis the Kings subtilty to haue my life:
Oh seeke not to intrap me, gracious Lord,
A stranger and distressed gentleman,
That neuer aimde so hie, to loue your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

King. Thou hast bewicht my daughter,
And thou art a villaine.

Per. By the Gods I haue not ; neuer did thought

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Of mine leuy offence; nor neuer did my actions.
Yet commence, a deed might gaine her loue,
Or your displeasure.

King. Traitor, thou lyeft.

Per. Traitor?

King. I, traitor.

Per. Euen in his throate, vnlesse it be a King,
That calls me traitor, I returne the lye.

King. Now by the Gods I do applaud his courage.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That neuer rellisht of a base discent :
I came vnto your Court for honours cause,
And not to be a Rebelle to her state :
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prooue, hee's honours enemy.

King. No? here comes my daughter, she can witnesse it.

Enter Thaisa.

Per. Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,
Resolue your angry father, if my tongue
Did ere sollicite, or my hand subscribe
To any sillable that made loue to you?

Thai. Why sir, if you had, who takes offence,
At that would make me glad?

King. Yea mistris, are you so peremptoy?

I am glad of it with all my heart,

Ile tame you, Ile bring you in subiection.

Will you, not hauing my consent,

Bestow your loue and your affections,

Vpon a stranger? who for ought I know,

May be (nor can I thinke the contrary)

As great in blood as I my selfe.

Therefore heare you mistresse, eyther frame

Your will to mine; and you sir, heare you,

Either be rul'd by me, or Ile make you——

Man and wife; nay, come your hands

And lips must seale it too: and being ioynd,

Aside.

Aside.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Ile thus your hopes destroy, and for further grieve,
God giue you ioy; what, are you both pleased?

Thai. Yes, if you loue me sir.

Per. Euen as my life, or blood that fosters it.

King. What, are you both agreed?

Amb. Yes, if it please your Maiesty.

King. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,
And then with what haste you can, get you to bed.

Enter Gower.

Now ysleepe slaked hath the rout,
No din but snores about the house,
Made lowder by the ore-fe beast,
Of this most pompous marriage feast:
The Cat with eyne of burning coale,
Now couthes from the Mouses hole;
And Cricket sing at the Ouens mouth,
Are the blither for their drouth:
Hymen hath brought the Bride to bed,
Where by the losse of mayden-head,
A babe is moulded, by attent,
And time that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly each,
What's dumbe in shew, Ile plaine with speech.

Enter Pericles and Simonides at one doore with attendants, a messenger meetes them, kneeles, and giues Pericles a letter, Pericles shewes it Symonides, the Lords kneele to him; then enter Thaysa with childe, with Lychorida a Nurse, the King shewes her the Letter, she reioyces: she and Pericles take leaue of her father, and depart.

By many a dearne and painfull pearch
Of *Pericles*, the carefull search,
By the foure opposing Crignes,
Which the world together ioynes,
Is made with all due diligence,
That horse and saile, and high expence,
Can steed the quest at last from *Tyre*,

Fame

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Fame answering the most strange enquire,
To'th Court of King *Symonides*,
Are letters brought, the tenour these :
Antiochus and his daughter's dead,
The men of *Tyrus*, on the head
Of *Helicanus* would set on
The crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none :
The mutany, he there hastes t'opresse,
Sayes to them, if King *Pericles*
Come not home in twice six Moones,
He obedient to their doomes,
Will take the Crowne : the sum of this
Brought hither to *Penapolis*,
Irony shed the Regions round,
And euery one with claps can sound,
Our heyre apparant is a King :
Who dreamt ? who thought of such a thing ?
Brieft, he must hence depart to *Tyre*,
His Queene with childe, makes her desire,
VVhich who shall crosse along to goe,
Omit we all their dole and woe :
Lychorida her Nurse she takes,
And so to sea ; then vessell shakes,
On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the flood,
Hath their Keele cut : but fortune moou'd :
Varies againe, the griflee North
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That as a Ducke for life that driues,
So vp and downe the poore ship diues :
The Lady shreekes, and well-a-neere,
Doth fall in trauaile with her feare :
And what ensues in this selfe storme,
Shall for it selfe, it selfe performe :
I will relate, action may
Conueniently the rest conuay ;
VVhich might not ? what by me is told,
In your imagination hold :

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

This Stage, the Ship, vpon whose Decke,
The Seas toft *Pericles*, appeares to speake.

Enter Pericles on Shipboord.

Per. The God of this great vast, rebuke these surges
Which wash both heauen and hell, and thou that hast
Vpon the windes command, binde them in Brasse,
Hauing cald them from the deepe, O still
Thy dearning dreadfull thunders, daily quench
Thy nimble sulphurous flashes: O how *Lichorida*?
How does my Queene? then storme venomously,
Wilt thou speat all thy selfe? the Seamans whistle
Is a whisper in the cares of death,
Vnheard *Lichorida*? *Lucina*, oh!
Diuineſt patronesse, and my wife, gentle
To those that cry by night, conuey thy Deity
Aboard our dauncing Boat, make swift the pangs
Of my Queenes trauailes. Now *Lichorida*.

Enter Lychorida.

Lychor. Heere is a thing too young for such a place,
Who if it had conceit, would dye, as I am like to do:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.

Per. How? how *Lychorida*?

Lychor. Patience good sir, do not assist the storme,
Heere's all that is left liuing of your Queene;
A little Daughter, for the sake of it
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you Gods!

Why do you make vs loue your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away?
We heere below, recall not what we giue,
And therein may vse honour with you.

Lychor. Patience good sir, euen for this charge.

Per. Now milde may be thy life,
For a more blusterous birth had neuer Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions;
For thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world,

That

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

That euer was Princes childe : happy what followes,
Thou hast as chiding a Natiuity,
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heauen can make,
To harold thee from the wombe :
Euen at the first, thy losse is more then can
Thy portage quite, with all thou canst finde heere :
Now the good Gods throw their best eyes vpon it.

Enter two Saylers.

1. Sayl. What courage sir ? God saue you.

Per. Courage enough, I do not feare the flaw,
It hath done to me the worst : yet for the loue
Of this poore infant, this fresh new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

1. Sayl. Slack the bolins there ; thou wilt not, wilt thou ?
Blow and split thy selfe.

2. Sayl. But sea-roome, and the brine and cloudy billow
kisse the Moone, I care not.

1. Sayl. Sir, your Queene must ouer board,
The sea workes hie, the winde is lowd,
And will not lye till the ship be cleared of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1. Pardon vs sir ; with vs at Sea it hath bin still obserued,
And we are strong in easterne, therefore briefly yeeld her.

Per. As you thinke meete, for she must ore board straight,
Most wretched Queene.

Lychor. Heere she lies sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had (my deare)
No light, no fire, the vnfriendly Elements
Forgot thee vtterly, nor haue I time
To bring thee hallowd to thy graue, but straight
Must cast thee scarsely coffind, in oare,
Where for a Monument vpon thy bones,
The ayre remaining lampes, the belching Whale,
And humming water must ore-whelme thy corpes,
Lying with simple shels : Oh *Lychorida*,
Bid *Nestor* bring me Spices, Incke and Paper,
My Casket and my Jewels, and bid *Nicander*

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Bring me the Sattin Coffin ; lay the Babe
Vpon the Pillow ; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farwell to her : sodainely, woman.

2. Sir, we haue a Chest beneath the hatches,
Caulkt and bittumed ready.

Per. I thanke thee ; Mariner say, what Coast is this ?

2. We are neere *Tharsus*.

Per. Thither gentle Marriner,
Alter thy course for *Tyre* : when canst thou reach it ?

2. By breake of day, if the winde cease.

Per. O make for *Tharsus*,
There will I visite *Cleon*, for the Babe
Cannot hold out to *Tyrus* ; there Ile leaue it
At carefull nursing : goe the wayes good Marriner,
Ile bring the body presently.

Exit.

Enter Lord Cerymon with a seruant.

Cer. *Phylemon*, hoc.

Enter Phylemon.

Phyl. Doth my Lord call ?

Cer. Get fire and meate for these poore men,
It hath beene a turbulent and stormy night.

Ser. I haue beene in many ; but such a night as this,
Till now, I neare endured.

Cer. Your Master will be dead ere you returne,
There's nothing can be ministred to nature,
That can recouer him : giue this to the Pothecary,
And tell me how it workes.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Good morrow.

2. *Gent.* Good morrow to your Lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen, why do you stirre so earely ?

1. *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings standing bleake vpon the sea,
Shooke as if the earth did quake :

The very principles did seeme to rend and all to topple,
Pure surprize and feare, made me to leaue the house.

2. *Gent.*

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

2. *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early,
Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O you say well.

1. *Gent.* But I much maruaile that your Lordship
Hauing rich attire about you, should at these early houres
Shake off the golden slumber of repose; tis most strange,
Nature should be so conuersant with paine,
Being thereto not compelled.

Cer. I hold it euer Vertue and Cunning.
Were endowments greater, then Noblenesse and Riches,
Carelesse heyres may the two latter darken and expend;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a God:
Tis knowne, I euer haue studied Physicke,
Through which secret Art, by turning ore Authority,
I haue together with my practise, made familiar
To me and to my aide, the best infusions that dwels
In Vegetiues, in Mettals, Stones: and can speake of the
Disturbances that Nature works, and of her cures;
Which doth giue me a more content in course of true delight
Then to be thirsty after tottering Honour,
Or tie my pleasure vp in silken Bags,
To please the Foole and Death.

2. *Gent.* Your honour hath through *Ephesus*,
Poured forth your charity, and hundreds call themselues
Your Creatures; who by you haue beene restored,
And not your knowledge, your personall paine,
But euen your purse still open, hath built Lord *Cerimoni*
Such strong renowne, as neuer shall decay.

Enter two or three with a Chest.

Ser. So, lift there.

Cer. What's that?

Ser. Sir, euen now did the sea tosse vp vpon our shore
This Chest; tis of some wracke.

Cer. Set it downe, let vs looke vpon it.

2. *Gent.* Tis like a Coffin, sir.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Cer. What ere it be, tis wondrous heauy;
Wrench it open straight:
If the seas stomacke be ore-charg'd with gold,
Tis a good constraint of Fortune it belches vpon vs.

2. Gent. Tis so, my Lord.

Cer. How close tis caulkt and bottomd, did the sea cast it vp?

Ser. I neuer saw so huge a billow sir, as tost it vpon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open; it smels most sweetly in my fence.

2. Gent. A delicate Odour.

Cer. As euer hit my nostrill: so, vp with it.

Oh you most potent Gods! what's heere, a Coarse?

2. Gen. Most strange.

Cer. Shrowded in cloth of state, balmd and entreaured
With full bags of spices, a Pasport to *Apollo*,
Perfect me in the Characters.

*Heere I giue to vnderstand,
If ere this Coffin driue a land;
I King Pericles haue lost
This Queene, worth all our mundaine cost:
Who finds her, giue her burying,
She was the daughter of a King.
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The Gods requite his charitie.*

If thou liuest *Pericles*, thou hast a heart
That euen crackes for woe this chanc'd to night.

2. Gent. Most likely sir.

Cer. Nay certainly to night, for looke how fresh she lookes,
They were too rough, that threw her in the sea.
Make a fire within, fetch hether all my boxes in my Closet,
Death may vsurpe on Nature many houres,
And yet the fire of life kindle againe the ore-prest spirits.
I heard of an Egyptian that had nine houres bene dead,
Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter one with Napkins and Fire.

Well said, well said, the fire and cloathes,

The

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

The rough and wofull musicke that we haue,
Cause it to sound I beseech you :
The Viall once more ; how thou stirrest thou blocke ?
The musicke there : I pray you giue her ayre ;
Gentlemen, this Queene will liue,
Nature awakes a warme breath out of her ;
She hath not bene entranc't aboute fīue houres,
See how she gins to blow into lifes flower againe.

1. Gen. The heauens through you, encrease our wonder,
And sets vp your fame for euer.

Cer. She is aliue, behold her eye-lids,
Cafes to those heauenly iewels which *Pericles* hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,
The Diamonds of a most praised water doth appeare,
To make the world twice rich, liue, and make vs weepe,
To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you seeme to be.

She moves.

Thai. O deare *Diana*, where am I ? where's my Lord ?
What world is this ?

2. Gent. Is not this strange ?

1. Gent. Most rare.

Cer. Hush (my gentle neighbour) lend me your hands,
To the next chamber beare her, get linnen ;
Now this matter must be lookt too, for the relapse
Is mortall : come, come, and *Esculapius* guide vs.

They carrie her away.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Pericles at Tharsus, with Cleon and Dionizius.

Per. Most honourd *Cleon*, I must needs be gone,
My twelue months are expirde, and *Tyre* stands
In a peace : you and your Lady take from my heart
All thankfulnesse, The Gods make vp the rest vpon you.

Cleon. Your shakes of fortune, though they haunt you
Mortally, yet glance full wondrously on vs.

Dion. O your sweete Queene ! that the strict fates had pleased
You had brought her hither to haue blest mine eies with her.

Per. We cannot but obey the powers about vs ;

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Could I rage and rore as doth the sea she lies in,
Yet the end must be as tis : my gentle babe *Marina*,
Whom (for she was borne at Sea) I haue named so,
Heere, I charge your charity withall; leauing her
The infant of your care, beseeching you to giue her
Princely training, that she may be mannerd as she is borne.

Cleon. Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,
That fed my Country with your Corne; for which,
The peoples prayers daily fall vpon you, must in your childe
Bethought on, if neglect should therein make me vile,
The common body by you relieu'd,
Would force me to my duty : but if to that,
My nature need a spurre, the Gods reuenge it
Vpon me and mine, to the ende of generarion.

Per. I beleeeue you, your honour and your goodnesse,
Teach me toot without your vowes, till she be married,
Madame, by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,
All vnstifd shall this heyre of mine remaine,
Though I shew will in't; so I take my leaue :
Good Madame, make me blessed, in your care
In bringing vp my childe.

Dion. I haue one my selfe, who shall not be more deere to my
respect then yours, my Lord.

Per. Madame, my thanks and prayers.

Cleon. Wee'l bring your Grace to the edge of the shore, then
giue you vp to the masked *Neptune*, and the gentlest windes of
heauen.

Per. I will embrace your offer, come deereft Madame,
O no teares *Lychorida*, no teares, looke to your little Mistris, on
whose grace you may depend heereafter : come my Lord.

Enter Cerymon and Thaysa.

Cer. Madam, this Letter, and some certaine Iewels,
Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command :
Know you the Character?

Thai. It is my Lords, that I was shipt at sea, I well remember,
euen on my learning time : but whether there deliuered, by the
holy

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

holy Gods, I cannot rightly say: but since King *Pericles* my wedded Lord, I nere shall see againe, a vastall liuery will I take me to, and neuer more haue ioy.

Cler. Madaine, if this you purpose as ye speake,
Dianaes Temple is not distant farre,
Where you may abide till your date expire,
Moreouer if you please, a Neece of mine,
Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompence is thanks, that's all,
Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

Exit.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Imagine *Pericles* arriude at *Tyre*,
Welcomd and settled to his owne desire;
His wofull Queene we leaue at *Ephesus*,
Vnto *Diana* there's a Votarisse.
Now to *Marina* bend your minde,
Whom our fast growing scene must finde
At *Tharsus*, and by *Cleon* traind
In musickes letters, who hath gaine
Of education all the grace
Which makes hie both the art and place:
Of generall wonder: but alacke:
That monster Enuy oft the wracke
Of eard praife, *Marinas* life
Seeke to take off by treasons knife,
And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath
One daughter and a full growne wench,
Euen ripe for marriage sight: this Maid
Hight *Philoten*: and it is said
For certaine in our story, she
Would euer with *Marina* be,
Beet when they weaude the sleded filke,
VVith fingers long, small, white as milke,
Or when she would with sharpe needle wound,
The Cambricke which she made more sound
By hurting it, or when too'th Lute
She sung, and made the night bed mute,

That

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

That still records within one, or when
She would with rich and constant pen,
Vaile to her Mistresse *Dian* still,
This *Phyloten* contends in skill
With absolute *Marina*: so
The Doue of *Paphos* might with the crow
Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets
All praises, which are paide as debes,
And not as giuen, this so darkes
In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,
That *Cleons* wife with enuy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good *Marina*, that her daughter
Might stand peerelesse by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida our Nurse is dead,
And cursed *Dionizia* hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath.
Prest for this blow, the vnborne euent,
I do commend to your content,
Only I carried winged Time,
Poste on the lame feete of my rime,
Which neuer could I so conuay,
Vnlesse your thoughts went on my way.
Dionizia doth appeare,
With *Leonine* a murderer.

Exit.

Enter Dionizia and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember, thou hast sworn to do it, tis but a blow, which neuer shall be knowne, thou canst not do a thing in the world so soone, to yeeld thee so much profite, let not conscience which is but cold, in flaming thy loue bosome, enflame too nicely; nor let pittie, which euen women haue cast off, melt thee, but be a soldiour to thy purpose.

Leon. I will doo't, but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the Gods should haue her,
Heere she comes weeping for her onely Mistresse death,

Thou

Thou art resolu'd :

Leon. I am resolu'd.

Enter Marina with a basket of Flowers.

Mar. No : I will robbe *Tellus* of her weede, to strew thy greene with Flowers : the yellowes, blewes, the purple Violets and Marigolds, shall as a Carpet hang vppon thy graue, while Summer dayes doth last. Aye me poore maide, borne in a tempest, when my mother dyde : this world to mee is like a lasting storme, hurrying me from my friends.

Dion. How now *Marina* ? why de'ye weepe alone ?

How chance my daughter is not with you ?

Doe not consume your blood with sorrowing,

You haue a nurse of me. Lord how your fauour's

Chang'd, with this vnprofitable woe :

Come giue me your flowers, ere the sea marre it,

Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there,

And it pierces and sharpenes the stomacke ;

Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

Mar. No I pray you, Ile not bereaue you of your seruant.

Dion. Come, come, I loue the King your father, and your selfe, with more then forraine heart ; we euery day expect him heere, when he shall come and finde our Paragon, to all reports thus blasted. He will repent the breadth of his great Voyage, blame both my Lord and mee, that wee haue taken no care to your best courses. Go I pray you, walke and be chearfull once againe ; reserue that excellent complexion, which did steale the eyes of yong and old, Care not for me, I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go, but yet I haue no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you :

Walke halfe an houre *Leonine*, at the least.

Remember what I haue saide.

Leon. I warrant you Madam.

Dion. Ile leaue you my sweet Lady, for a while : pray walke softly, doe not heate your blood ; What, I must haue a care of you.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Mar. My thanks sweet Madame, Is the winde Westerly that blowes?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was borne, the winde was North.

Leon. Was so?

Mar. My father, as Nurse saith, did neuer feare, but cryed good sea-men to the saylers, galling his Kingly hands hailing ropes, and clasping to the Mast, endured a sea that almost burst the decke.

Leon. When was this?

Mar. When I was borne, neuer was waues nor winde more violent, and from the ladder tackle, washes off a canuas clymer, ha, saith one, wilt out? and with a dropping industry they skip from sterne to sterne: the Boat-swaine whistles, and the Master calles and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What meane you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer, I grant it, pray, but be not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of eare, and I am sworne to do my worke with haste.

Mar. Why, will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfie my Lady.

Mar. Why would she haue me kild now? as I can remember by my troth, I neuer did her hurt in all my life, I neuer spake bad word, nor did ill turne to any living creature: belecue me now, I neuer kild a Mouse, nor hurt a Flie: I trod vpon a worme once against my will, but I wept for it. How haue I offended, wherein my death might yeeld her any profite, or my life imply her any danger?

Leon. My Commission is not to reason of the deed, but doo't.

Mar. You will not doo't for all the world, I hope: you are well fauoured, and your lookes fore-shew you haue a very gentle heart, I saw you lately when you caught hurt in parting two that fought: good-sooth it shewd well in you, do so now, your Lady seekes my life, come you betweene, and saue poore me the weaker.

Leon. I am sworne, and will dispatch.

Enter

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Enter Pirates.

Pirat 1. Hold villaine.

Pirat. 2. A prize, a prize.

Pirat 3. Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets haue her aboard sodainly. *Exit.*

Enter Leonine.

Leon. These roguing theeues serue the great Pyrate *Valdes*, and they haue seized *Marina*, let her goe, there's no hope shee will returne: Ile sweare shee's dead, and throwne into the sea, but Ile see further, perhaps they will but please themselues vpon her, not carry her aboard, if she remaine, Whom they haue rauisht, must by me be slaine.

Exit

Enter the three Bauds.

Pander. *Boult.*

Boult. Sir.

Pander. Search the market narrowly, *Metaline* is full of gal-lants, we lost too much money this mart, by being too wench-lesse.

Baud. We were neuer so much out of creatures, we haue but poore three, and they can do no more then they can do, & they with continuall action, are euen as good as rotten.

Pander. Therefore lets haue fresh ones what ere wee pay for them, if there be not a conscience to be vsde in euery trade, wee shall neuer prosper.

Baud. Thou saist true, tis not our bringing vp of poore ba-stards, as I thinke, I haue brought some eleuen.

Boult. I to eleuen, and brought them downe againe,
But shall I search the market?

Baud. What else man? the stuffe we haue, a strong winde will blow it to peeces, they are so pittifully sodden.

Pander. Thou saist true, there's two vnwholesome in consci-ence, the poore *Transiluanian* is dead that lay with the little baggedge.

Boult. I, she quickly poupt him, shee made him roast-meate

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

for wormes, but Ile go search the market.

Exit.

Pand. Three or foure thousand Chickeens were as pretty a proportion to liue quietly, and so giue ouer.

Bawd. Why, to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. Oh our credit comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could picke vp some pretty estate, t'were not amisse to keepe our doore hatch'd; besides, the sore termes wee stand vpon with the gods, will be strong with vs for giuing ore.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As wel as we, I, and better too, we offend worse, neither is our profession any Trade, it's no calling: but here comes *Boult.*

Enter Boult with the Pirates, and Marina.

Boult. Come your wayes my masters, you say shee's a virgin?

Sayl. O sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I haue gone through for this peece you see, If you like her, so; if not, I haue lost my earnest.

Bawd. *Boult*, ha's she any qualities?

Boult. Shee ha's a good face, speakes well, and ha's excellent good cloathes: ther's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refusd.

Bawd. What's her price, *Boult*?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand peeces.

Pand. Well, follow me my masters, you shal haue your money presently: wife, take her in, instruct her what she has to do that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

Baud. *Boult*, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry; He that will giue most, shal haue her first. Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they haue bene: Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow.

Exit.

Mar. Alacke that *Leonine* was so slacke, so slow: He should haue stricke, not spoke;

Or.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Or that these Pirates, not enough barbarous,
Had not ore-boord throwne me, for to seeke my mother.

Baud. Why weepe you pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Baud. Come, the gods haue done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Baud. You are light into my hands,
Where you are like to liue.

Mar. The more my fault, to scape his hands,
Where I was like to dye.

Baud. I, and you shall liue in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Baud. Yes indeede shall you, and taste Gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall haue the difference of all complexions: what, de'ye stop your eares?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Baud. What would you haue me to bee, if I bee not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Baud. Marry whip thee Gosling: I thinke I shall something to do with you. Come, y'are a yong foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would haue ye.

Mar. The gods defend me.

Baud. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feede you, men must stir you vp: *Boults* return'd.

Enter Boults.

Now sir, hast thou cride her through the Market?

Boults. I haue cride her almost to the number of her haire, I haue drawne her picture with my voice.

Baud. And prethee tell me, how dost thou finde the inclination of the people, especially of the yonger sort?

Boults. Faith they listned to me, as they would haue hearkned to their fathers Testament. There was a Spaniardes mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Baud. Wee shall haue him heere to morrow with his best ruffe on.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Boult. To night, to night, but Mistresse, doe you know the French Knight that cowers i'th hams?

Baud. VVho, *Monsieur Verollu*?

Boult. I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a grone at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

Baud. V Vell, well, as for him he brought his disease hither, here he doth but repaire it, I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crownes in the sunne.

Boult. VVell, if we had of euery Nation a traueller, we should lodge them with this signe.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes coming vpon you, marke me, you must seeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, despise profite, where you haue most gaine, to weepe that you liue as you do, makes pittie in your louers sildome, but that pittie begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

Mar. I vnderstand you not.

Boult. O take her home mistresse, take her home, these blushes of hers must be quencht with some present practise.

Mari. Thou sayest true yfaith, so they must, for your Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

Boult. Faith some do, and some do not, but Mistresse, if I haue bargaind for the ioynt,

Baud. Thou maist cut a morsell off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Baud. VVho should deny it?

Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Baud. *Boult.* spend thou that in the Towne, report what a sojourner we haue, you'll lose nothing by custome. VVhen Nature framed this peece, she meant thee a good turne, therefore say what a parragon she is, & thou hast the haruest out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Mistresse, thunder shall not so awake the beds of Eeles, as my giuing out her beauty, stirs vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home some to night.

Baud.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Baud. Come your waies, follow me.

Mari. If fiers be hot, kniues sharpe, or waters deepe,
Vntide I still my virgin knot will keepe.

Diana aide my purpose.

Baud. VVhat haue we to do with *Diana*? pray you goe with
vs. *Exit.*

Enter Cleon and Dionizia.

Dion. VVhy are you foolish, can it be vndone?

Cleon. O *Dionizia*, such a peece of slaughter,
The Sunne and Moone nere lookt vpon.

Dion. I thinke you'l turne a childe againe.

Cleon. VVere I chiefe Lord of all this spacious world, Ide
giue it to vndo the deed. O Lady, much lesse in blood then ver-
tue, yet a Princessse to equall any single Crowne of the earth, in
the iustice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou hast poi-
soned too, if thou hadst drunke to him, it had beene a kindnesse
becomming well thy face, what canst thou say, when Noble
Pericles shall demand his childe?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurfes are not the fates to foster it,
nor euer to preferue, she dide at night, Ile say so, who can crosse
it, vnlesse you play the Innocent, and for an honest attribute, cry
out she dyde by foule play.

Cleon. O go too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the hea-
uens, the Gods do like this worst.

Dionizia. Be one of those that thinkes the pretty wrens of
Tharsus will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do shame to
thinke of what a Noble straine you are, and of how coward a
spirit.

Cleon. To such proceeding, who euer but his approbation
added, though not his whole consent, he did not flow from ho-
nourable courses.

Dionizia. Be it so then, yet none doth know but you how
she came dead, nor none can know *Leonine* being gone. Shee
did.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

did disdain my childe, and stood betweene her and her fortunes: none would looke on her, but cast their gazes on *Marinas* face, whilst ours was blurred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my course vnnaturall, you not your childe well louing, yet I finde it greets me as an enterprize of kindnesse, perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heauens forgive it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what should he say? wee wept after her hearse, and yet we mourne: her monument is almost finished, and her Epitaph in glittering golden characters, expresses a generall praise to her, and care in vs, at whose expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, dost with thy Angels face,
Ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. You are like one, that superstitiously
Doth sweare to'th gods, that v winter kills the flies,
But yet I know, you'l do as I aduise.

Exit.

Enter Gower.

Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short,
Saile seas in Cockels, haue and wish but fort:
Making to take our imagination,
From bourn to bourn, Region to region.
By you being pard'ned, we commit no crime
To vse one Language, in each seuerall clime,
VVhere our scenes seeme to liue. I do beseech you
To learne of me, who stands in gaps to teach you.
The stages of our story *Pericles*,
Is now againe thwarting the wayward seas;
(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
To see his Daughter, all his liues delight.
Old *Helicanus* goes along behinde,
Is left to gouerne it: you beare in minde
Old *Escenes*, whom *Helicanus* late
Aduanc'd in time to great and high estate.

VVell

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Well sayling ships, and bounteous windes haue brought
This King to *Tharsus*, thinke this Pilate thought
So with his sterage, shall your thoughts grone
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone
Like moats and shadowes, see them moue a while.
Your eares vnto your eyes Ile reconcile,

Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his traine, Cleon and Dinozia at the other. Cleon shewes Pericles the toombe, whereat Pericles makes lamentation, puts on sacke-cloth, and in a mighty passion departs.

Gower. See how beleefe may suffer by fowle shewe,
This borrowed passion stands for true olde woe:
And *Pericles* in sorrow all deuour'd,
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-showrd.
Leaues *Tharsus*, and againe imbarke, he sweares
Neuer to wash his face, nor cut his haire,
He put on sackcloth and to sea he beares,
A tempest which his mortall vessell teares.
And yet he rides it out. Now take we our way
To the Epitaph, for *Marina*, writ by *Dionizia*.

*The fairest, sweetest, and best lies heere,
Who withered in her spring of yeare:
She was of Tyrus the Kings Daughter,
On whom foule death hath made this slaughter:
Marina was she calld, and at her birth,
That is being proud, swallowed some part of th'earth:
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed,
Hath Thetis birth-childe on the haauens bestowed.
Wherefore she does and sweares shee'l neuer stint,
Make raging Battie upon shores of flint.*

No vizor does become blacke villany,
So well as soft and tender flattery:
Let *Pericles* beleue his daughter's dead,
And beare his courses to be ordered.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

By Lady Fortune, while our steare must play,
His daughter woe and heauy wel-aday.
In her vnholý seruice: Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in *Metaline*.

Exit.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Did you euer heare the like?

2. *Gent.* No, nor neuer shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1. *Gent.* But to haue diuinity preacht there, did you euer dream of such a thing?

2. *Gent.* No, no, come, I am for no more bawdy houses, shall we go heare the Vestals sing?

1. *Gent.* He doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for euer.

Exit.

Enter the three Bauds.

Pand. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her, she had nere come heere.

Baud. Fie, fie vpon her, she is able to frieze the God *Priapus*, and vndoe a whole generation, we must eyther get her rauisht, or be rid of her, when she should do for clyents her fitment, and do me the kindnesse of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees, that she would make a puritane of the diuell, if he should cheapen a kisse of her.

Boul. Faith I must rauish her, or shee'l disfurnish vs of all our Caualiers, and make our swearers Priests.

Pand. Now the poxe vpon her greene sicknesse for me.

Baud. Faith there's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the poxe. Here comes the Lord *Lyfimachus* disguised.

Boul. We should haue both Lord and Lowne, if the peeuish baggedge would but giue way to customers.

Enter Lyfimachus.

Lyf. How now, how a dozen of virginities?

Baud. Now the Gods to blesse your Honour.

Boul. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lyf.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Lys. You may so, tis the better for you, that your resorters stand vpon sound legs, how now? wholesome impunity haue you, that a man may deale withall, and defie the Surgeon?

Baud. We haue one heere sir, if she would——

But there neuer came her like in *Metaline*.

Lys. If shee'd do the deeds of darknes, thou wouldst say.

Baud. Your honour knowes what tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth.

Boul. For flesh and blood sir, white and red, you shall see a Rose, and she were a Rose indeed, if she had but——

Lys. What prethee?

Boul. O sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renowne of a Baud, no lesse then it giues a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter Marina.

Baud. Heere comes that which growes to the stalke,
Neuer pluckt yet I can assure you.

Is she not a faire creature?

Lys. Faith she would serue after a long voyage at sea,
Well, there's for you, leaue vs.

Baud. I beseech your honour giue me leaue a word,
And Ile haue done presently.

Lys. I beseech you do.

Baud. First, I would haue you note, this is an honorable man.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Baud. Next, hee's the Gouvernor of this Country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he gouerne the Country, you are bound to him indeed, but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Baud. Pray you without any more virginall fencing, will you vse him kindly? he will line your Apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receiue.

Lys. Haue you done?

Baud. My Lord, shee's not pac'te yet, you must take some paines to worke her to your mannage, come, wee will leaue his Honour and her together.

Exit Baud.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Li. Now pritty one, how long haue you beene at this trade?

Mar. What trade Sir?

Li. Why, I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade, please you to name it.

Li. How long haue you bene of this profession?

Mar. Ere since I can remember.

Li. Did you go too't so young, were you a gamester at fiue, or at seauen?

Mar. Earlier too sir, if now I be one.

Li. Why the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Doe you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I heare say you are of honourable parts, and the Gouvernor of this place.

Li. Why, hath your Principall made knowne vnto you, who I am?

Mar. Who is my Principall?

Li. Why your hearbe woman, she that sets seeds and rootes of shame and iniquity. O you haue heard some-thing of my power, and so stand aloft for more serious wooing, but I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly vpon thee; come bring me to some priuate place, come; come.

Mar. If you were borne to honour, shew it now, if put vpon you, make the iudgement good, that thought you worthy of it.

Li. How's this? how's this? some more, be sage.

Mar. For me that am a maide, though most vngentle Fortune haue plac'd mee in this Stie, where since I came, diseases haue bene solde deerer then Physicke, O that the gods would set me free from this vnhallowd place, though they did change me to the meanest bird that flies i'th purer aire.

Li. I did not thinke thou couldst haue spoke so well, I nere dreamt thou couldst; had I brought hither a corrupted mind, thy speech had altered it, hold, heere's gold for thee, perseuer in that cleare way thou goest, and the gods strengthen thee.

Mar.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Mar. The good Gods preferue you.

Li. For my part, I came with no ill intent, for to me the verie doores and windowes sauour vilely, fare thee well, thou art a peece of vertue, and I doubt not but thy training hath bin Noble, hold, heere's more gold for thee, a curse vpon him, dye hee like a theefe, that robs thee of thy goodnesse, if thou dost heare from me, it shall be for thy good.

Boul. I beseech your honour, one peece for me.

Li. Auant thou damned doore-keeper, your house but for this virgin that doth prop it, would sinke and ouer-whelme you. Away.

Boul. How's this? we must take another course with you? if your peeuish chastity, which is not worth a breake-fast in the cheapest Country vnder the coape, shall vndoe a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniell, come your waies.

Mar. Whither would you haue me?

Boul. I must haue your mayden-head taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it, come your way, wee'l haue no more gentlemen driuen away, come your wayes I say.

Enter Bands.

Baud. How now, what's the matter?

Boul. Worse and worse Mistris, she hath heere spoken holy words to the Lord *Lysimachus*.

Baud. O abhominable.

Boul. He makes our profession as it were to stinke before the face of the Gods.

Baud. Marry hang her vp for euer.

Boul. The Nobleman would haue dealt with her like a Nobleman, and she sent him away as colde as a Snow-ball, saying his prayers too.

Baud. Boul take her away, vse her at thy pleasure, cracke the glasse of her virginity, & make the rest male-able.

Boul. And if she were a thornier peece of ground then shee is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Harke, harke, you Gods.

Baud. She coniures, away with her, would she had neuer come within.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

within my doores, Marry hang you, thee's borne to vndo vs, wil you not go the way of women-kinde? Marry come vp my dish of chastity, with rosemary and bayse.

Exit.

Boult. Come mistris, come your way with me.

Mar. Whither wilt thou haue me?

Boult. To take from you the iewell you hold so deere.

Mar. Prithee tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing.

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

Boult. Why I could wish him to be my Master, or rather my Mistris.

Mar. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they do better thee in their command; thou holdst a place, for which the painedst fiend in hell would not in reputation change: thou art the damned doore-keeper to euery cusherell that comes enquiring for his Tib; to the cholericke sisting of euery rogue, thy care is liable, thy food is such as hath beene belcht on by infected lungs.

Bou. What would you haue me do? go to the wars, wold you, where a man may serue 7. yeares for the losse of a leg, and haue not mony enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

Mar. Do any thing but this thou dost, empty olde receptracles, or common-shores of filth; serue by Indenture to the common hangman, any of these waies are yet better then this: for what thou professest, a Baboone could hee speake, would owne a name too deare; Oh, that the Gods would safely deliuer me from this place: heere, heere's gold for thee, if that thy Master would gaine by me, proclaime that I can sing, weaue, sowe, and dance, with other vertues, which Ile keep from boast, and will yndertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous Cittie will yeeld many schollers.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speake of?

Mar. Proue that I cannot, take me home againe, and prostitute me to the basest groome that doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women.

Boult.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Boule. Faith my acquaintance lyes little among them; but since my master and mistris hath bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall finde them tractable enough. Come, Ile doe for thee what I can, come your waies.

Exeunt.

Enter Gower.

Marina thus the Brothell scapes, and chances
Into an honest house, our story saies;
She sings like one immortall, and she dances
As Goddesse-like to her admired laies:
Deepe Clearks she dumbs, and with her needle composes
Natures owne shape, of bud, bird, branch or berry,
That euen her art, sisters the naturall Roses,
Her Inckle, Silke, Twine, with the rubied Cherry,
That puples lackes she none of noble race,
Who poure their bounty on her, and her gaine
She giues the cursed Baud. Leauē we her place,
And to her Father turne our thoughts againe,
Where we left him at sea, tumbled and toft,
And driuen before the winde, he is arriude
Here where his daughter dwels, and on this Coast,
Suppose him now at Anchor: the Citty striude
Cod *Neptune* annuall feast to keepe, from whence
Lyfimachus our *Tyrian* ship espies,
His banners sable, trimd with rich expence,
And to him in his Barge with seruour hyes.
In your supposing, oncemore put your sight
Of heauy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke,
Where what is done in action (more if might
Shall be discouered, please you sit and harke.

Exit.

Enter Hellicanus, to him two Sayers.

1. *Sayl.* Where is the Lord *Hellicanus*? he can resolute you.
O here he is sir, there is a Barge put off from *Metaline*, and in it
is *Lyfimachus* the Gouvernor, who craues to come aboard, what
is your will?

Hellicanus.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Hell. That he haue his, call vp some gentlemen.

2. *Sayl.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord calls,

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doth your Lordship call?

Hell. Gentlemen, there is some of worth wold come aboard,
I pray greete them fairely.

Enter Lyfimachus.

1. *Sayl.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would, resolve you.

Lyf. Haile reuerent sir, the Gods preferue you.

Hell. And you too out-live the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Lyf. You wish me well; being on shore, honoring of *Nep-tunes* triumphs, seeing this goodly vessell ride before vs, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. First, what is your place?

Lyf. I am the Gouvernor of this place you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our vessell's of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three months hath not spoken to any one, nor taken sustenance, but to prolong his griefe.

Lyf. Vpon what ground is this distemperance?

Hell. It would be too tedious to repeate, but the maine griefe springs from the losse of a beloued daughter, and a wife.

Lyf. May we not see him?

Hell. You may, but bootlesse is your sight, he will not speake to any.

Lyf. Let me obtaine my wish.

Hell. Behold him, this was a goodly person, till the disaster that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Lyf. Sir King, all haile, the Gods preferue you, haile royall Sir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not speake to you.

Lord. Sir, we haue a maid in *Metaline*, I durst wager would win some words of him.

Lyf. Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her sweete harmony, and other chosen attractions, would allure & make a battrie through his defended parts, which now are mid-way stopt,

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

stopt, she is all happy, as the fairest of all, and her fellow maides,
now vpon the leuie shelter that abutts against the Islands side.

Hell. Sure all effectlesse, yet nothing wee'l omit that beares
recoueries name. But since your kindnesse we haue stretcht thus
farre, let vs beseech you, that for our gold we may haue prouisi-
on, wherein wee are not destitute for want, but weary for the
stalenesse.

Lys. O sir, a courtesie, which if we should deny, the most iust
God for euery grasse would send a Caterpillar, and so inflict
our Prouince: yet once more let mee entreate to know at large
the cause of your Kings sorrow.

Hell. Sit sir, I will recount it to you; but see, I am preuented.

Enter Marina.

Lys. O heere's the Lady that I sent for.
Welcome faire one: Ist not a goodly present?

Hell. Shee's a gallant Lady.

Lys. Shee's such a one, that were I well assurde,
Came of a gentle kinde and noble stocke,
Ide wish no better choise, and thinke me rarely wed,
Faire & all goodnesse that consists in beauty,
Expect euen heere, where is a kingly patient,
If that thy properous and artificiall fate,
Can draw him but to answer thee in ought,
Thy sacred Physicke shall receiue such pay,
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will vse my vttermoost skill in his recovery, prouid-
ed, that none but I and my companion maide bee suffered to
come neere him.

Lys. Come, let vs leaue her, and the Gods make her prospe-
rous.

The Song.

Lys. Markt he your musicke?

Mar. No, nor lookt on vs.

Lys. See, she will speake to him.

Mar. Haile sir, my Lord, lend care.

Per. Hum, ha.

Mar. I am a maid, my Lord, that nere before inuited eies, but
haue beene gazed on like a Comet: shee speakes my Lord, that

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

may be, hath endured a griefe might equall yours, if both were iustly weighed, though wayward fortune did maligne my state, my deriuation was from ancestors who stood equiuolent with mighty Kings, but time hath rooted out my parentage, and to the world and aukward casualties, bound me in seruitude, I wil desist, but there is something glowes vpon my cheek, and whispers in mine eare, Goe not till he speake,

Per. My fortunes, parentage, good parentage to equall mine; was it not thus, what say you?

Mar. I saide, my Lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not do me violence.

Per. I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes vpon me, y'are like some-thing that, what Country-women heare of these shewes?

Mar. No, nor of any shewes, yet I was mortally brought foorth, and am no other then I appeare.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliuer weeping: my dearest wife was like this maide, and such a one my daughter might haue beene: my Queenes square browes, her stature to an inch, as wand-like straite, as siluer voyc't, her eyes as iewell-like, and cast as richly, in pace another *Iuno*. Who starues the eares she feedes, & makes them hungry, the more she giues them speech; where do you liue?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger from the decke, you may discerne the place.

Per. Where were you bred? and how atchieu'd you these endowments which you make more rich to owe?

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would seeme like lies disdained in the reporting:

Per. Prethrees speake, falsenesse cannot come from thee, for thou lookest modest as iustice, and thou seemst a *Pallas* for the crownd truth to dwell in, I will beleue thee, and make my senses credite thy relation, to points that seem impossible, for thou lookst like one I loued indeed; what were thy friends? Didst thou not stay when I did push thee backe, which was when I perceiud thee that thou cam'st from good discent.

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Per. Report thy parentage, I thinke thou saidst thou hadst beene tost from wrong to injury, and that thou thoughts thy griefes might equall mine, if both were opened.

Mar. Some such thing I said, and said no more, but what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story, if thine considered prooue the thousand part of my endurance, thou art a man, and I haue suffered like a gyrl, yet thou dost look like patience, gazing on Kings graues, and smiling extremity out of acte, what were thy friends? how lost thou thy name, my most kinde virgin? recount I do beseech thee, Come sit by me.

Mar. My name is *Marina*.

Per. Oh I am mockt, and thou by some insenced God sent hither to make the world to laugh me.

Mar. Patience good sir, or heere ile cease.

Per. Nay ile bee patient, thou little knowst how thou doest startle me to call thy selfe *Marina*.

Mar. The name was giuen me by one that had some power, my father and a King.

Per. How, a Kings daughter, and cald *Marina*?

Mar. You said you would beleue me, but not to be a trouble of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Haue you a working pulse, and are no Fairy?
Motion well speake on, where were you borne?
And wherefore cald *Marina*?

Mar. Cald *Marina*, for I was borne at sea.

Per. At sea! who was thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the Daughter of a King, who dyed the minute I was borne, as my good Nurse *Lychorida* hath oft deliuered weeping.

Per. O stop there a little, this is the rarest dreame
That ere dull sleepe did mocke sad fooles withall,
This cannot be my daughter, buried, wel, where were you bred?
Ile heare you more to the bottome of your story, and neuer interrupt you.

Mar. You scorne, beleue me twere best I did giue ore.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Per. I will beleue you by the fillable of what you shall deliuer, yet giue me leaue, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my Father did in *Tharsus* leaue me,
Till cruell *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did seeke to murder me: and hauing wooed a villaine
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,
Brought me to *Metaline*.

But good sir, whether will you haue me? why do you weepe?
It may be you thinke me an imposture, no good faith. I am the
daughter to King *Pericles*, if good King *Pericles* be.

Per. Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hell. Calles my Lord?

Per. Thou art a graue and noble Councillor,
Most wise in generall, tell me if thou canst, what this maide is,
Or what is like to be, that thus hath made we weepe?

Hell. I know not, but heres the Regent sir of *Metaline*, speaks
nobly of her.

Lys. She neuer would tell her parentage,
Being demanded that, she would sit still and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me honored sir, giue mee a gash, put
me to present paine, least this great sea of ioyes rushing vppon
me, ore-bear the shores of my mortality, and drowne me with
their sweetnesse: Oh come hither,
Thou that begetst him that did thee beget,
Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,
And found at sea againe: O *Hellicanus*,
Downe on thy knees, thanke the holy Gods, as loud
As thunder threatens vs; this is *Marina*.
What was thy mothers name? tell me but that,
For truth can neuer be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did euer sleepe.

Mar. First sir, I pray what is your Title?

Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*, but tell me now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you said,
Thou hast beene God-like perfect, the heire of Kingdomes,

And

And another like to *Pericles* thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, then to say, my Mothers name was *Thaisa*? *Thaisa* was my mother, who did end the minute I began.

Per. Now blessing on thee, rise, thou art my childe.

Giue me fresh garments, mine owne *Helicanus*, shee is not dead at *Tharsus*, as she should haue bene by sauage *Cleon*, shee shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneele, and iustifie in knowledge, she is thy very Princes; who is this?

Hell. Sir, tis the Gouvernor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholy, did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you, giue me my robes;
I am wilde in my beholding. Oh heauen blesse my gyrl.
But harke, what Musicks this *Helicanus*? my *Marina*,
Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seemes to dote,
How sure you are my daughter; but where's this musicke?

Hell. My Lord, I heare none.

Per. None? the Musicke of the spheares, list my *Marina*.

Lyf. It is not good to crosse him, giue him way.

Per. Rarest sounds, do ye not heare?

Lyf. Musicke my Lord, I heare.

Per. Most heauenly musicke,
It nips me vnto listning, and thicke slumber
Hangs vpon mine eyes, let me rest.

Lyf. A pillow for his head, so leaue him all.
Well my companion friends, if this but answer to my iust beliefe, Ile well remember you.

Diana.

Diana. My Temple stands in *Ephesus*,
Hie thee thither, and do vpon mine Altar sacrifice. There when
my maiden priests are met together, before all the people re-
ueale how thou at sea didst lose thy wife, to mourne thy crosses
with thy daughters call, and giue them repitition to the like, or
performe my bidding, or thou liuest in woe: doo't, and happy
by my siluer bow; awake and tell thy dreame.

Per. Celestiall *Dian*, Goddesse *Argentine*,
I will obey thee: *Helicanus*.

Hell. Sir.

Per.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Per. My purpose was for *Tharsus*, there to strike
The inhospitable *Cleon*, but I am for other service first,
Toward *Ephesus* turne our blowne sayles,
Eftsoones Ile tell why, shall we refresh vs sir vpon your shore,
and giue you gold for such prouision as our intents will neede.

Lyf. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a shore,
I haue another sleight.

Per. You shall preuaile, were it to woode my daughter, for
it seemes you haue beene noble towards her.

Lyf. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*.

Exeunt.

Enter Gower.

Now our sands are almost run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my last boone giue me,
For such kindnesse must relecue me:
That you aptly will suppose,
What pageantry, what feates, what shewes,
What Minstrelsie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*,
To greete the King; so he thrived,
That he is promised to be wiued
To faire *Marina*, but in no wise,
Till he had done his sacrifice,
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The Interim pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefenesse sayles are fild,
And wishes fall out as thei'r wild.
At *Ephesus* the Temple see,
Our King and all his company.
That he can hither come so soone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome.

Exit.

Enter Pericles, Lyfismachus, Helicanus, Marina, and others.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iust command,
I here confesse my selfe the King of *Tyre*.
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*, the
faire *Thaisa*, at sea in childbed died she, but brought forth a
Maid

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Maid childe called *Marina*, whom O Goddesse weares yet thy siluer livery, she at *Tharsus* was nurst with *Cleon*, who at foure-teene yeares he sought to murder, but her better stars brought her to *Metaline*, gainst whose shore riding, her fortunes broght the maid aboard to vs, where by her owne most cleare remembrance, she made knowne her selfe my daughter.

Th. Voyce and fauour, you are, you are O royall *Pericles*.

Pe. What means the woman? she dyes, helpe Gentlemen.

Cer. Sir, if you haue told *Dianaes* Alter true, this is your wife.

Per. Reuerend appearer, no, I threw her ouer-boord with these very armes.

Cer. Vpon this Coast, I warrant you.

Per. Tis most certaine.

Cer. Looke to the Lady; O since's but ouerioyde, Earely in blustering morne, this Lady was throwne vpon this shore. I opened the Coffin, found these rich iewels, recouered her, and placed her heere in *Dianaes* Temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house, whether I inuite you, looke, *Thaisa* is recouered.

Thai. O let me looke if he be none of mine, my sanctity will to my sence bend no licentious eare, but curbe it spight of seeing: O my Lord, are you not *Pericles*? like him you speake, like him you are: did you not name a tempest, a birth, & death?

Per. The voice of dead *Thaisa*.

Thai. That *Thaisa* am I, supposed dead and drown'd.

Per. Immortal. *Dian*!

Thai. Now I know you better, when wee with teares parted *Pentapolis*, the King my Father gaue you such a ring.

Per. This, this, no more, you Gods, your present kindnesse makes my past miseries sport, you shall do well, that on the touching of her lips I may melt, and no more be seene; O come, be buried a second time within these armes.

Mar. My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers bosome.

Per. Looke who kneeles heere, flesh of thy flesh, *Thaisa*, thy burden at the sea, and call'd *Marina*, for she was yeelded there.

Thai. Blest, and mine owne.

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

Hel. Haile Madame, and my Queene.

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You haue heard me say when I did flye from *Tyre*, I left behinde an ancient substitute; can you remember what I cald the man, I haue namde him oft.

Th. I was *Helicanus* then.

Per. Still confirmation, embrace him deere *Thaisa*, this is he, now do I long to heare how you were found? how possibly preserved? and who to thank (besides the Gods) for this great miracle?

Thai. Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord, this man through whom the Gods shewne their power, that can from first to last resolute you.

Per. Reuerent Sir, the gods can haue no mortall officer more like a God then you, will you deliuer how this dead Queene reliues?

Cer. I will my Lord, beseech you first goe with me vnto my house, where shall be shewne you all was found with her; how she came plac't here in the Temple, no needfull thing omitted.

Per. Pure *Dian* blesse thee for thy vision, and will offer night oblations to thee; *Thaisa* this Prince, the faire bethrothed of your daughter, shall marry her at *Pentapolis*, and now this ornament that makes me looke dismall, will I clip to forme, & what this fourteene years no razor toucht, to grace thy marriage day, Ile beautifie.

Thai. Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credite, Sir, my father's dead.

Per. Heauens make a Star of him, yet there my Queene, wee'l celebrate their Nuptials, and our selues will in that kingdome spend our following dayes; our sonne and daughter shall in *Tyrus* raigne.

Lord *Cerimon*, we do our longing stay,

To heare the rest vntolde, Sir, lead's the way.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Gower.

In *Antiochus* and his daughter, you haue heard
Of monstrous lust, the due and iust reward;

Pericles Prince of Tyre.

In *Pericles*, his Queene and daughter scene,
Although assaylde with Fortune fierce and keene.
Vertue preferd from fell destructions blast,
Led on by heauen, and crownd with ioy at last.

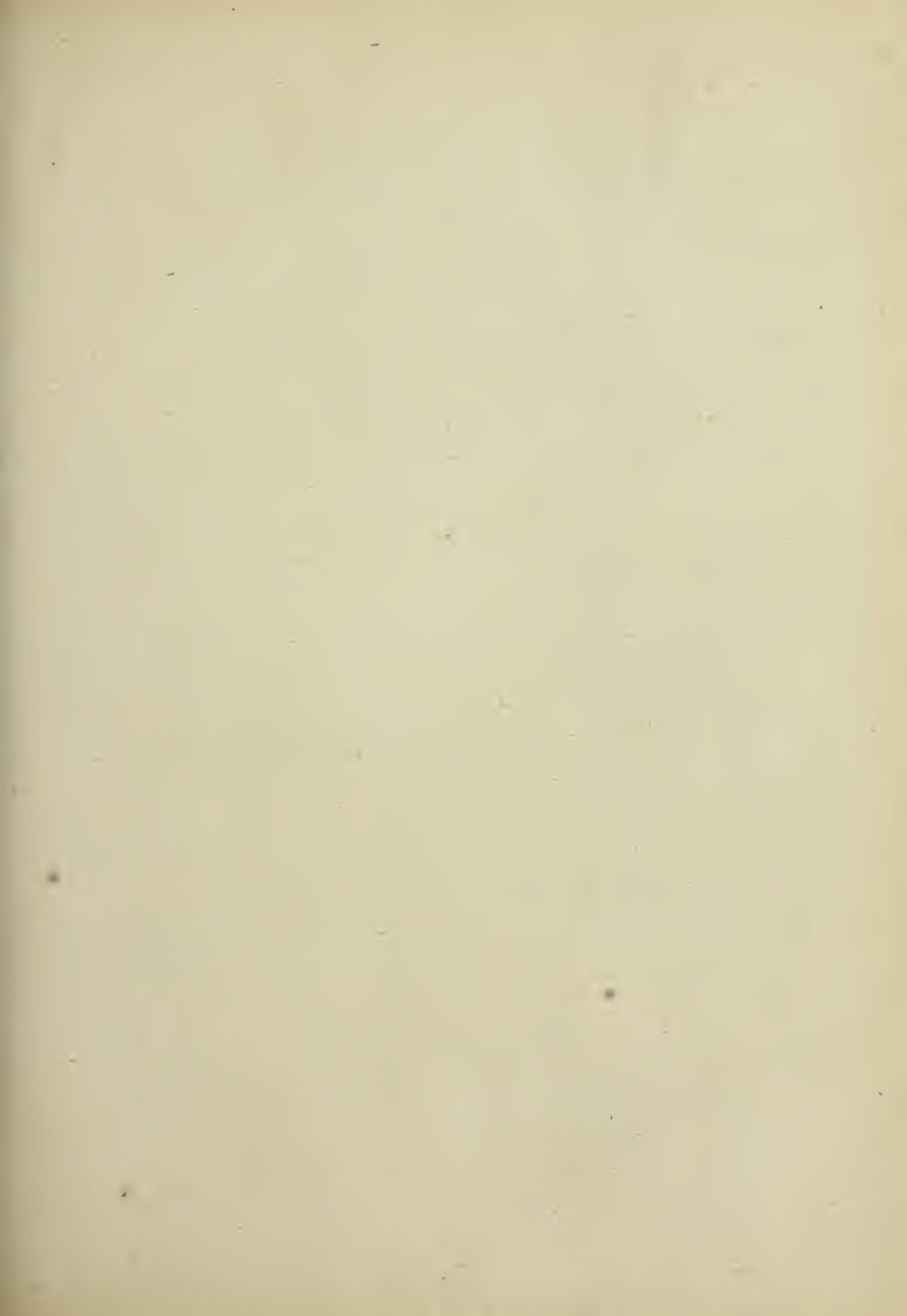
In *Hellicanus* may you well descry,
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reuerend *Cerimon* there well appears,
The worth that learned charity aye weares.

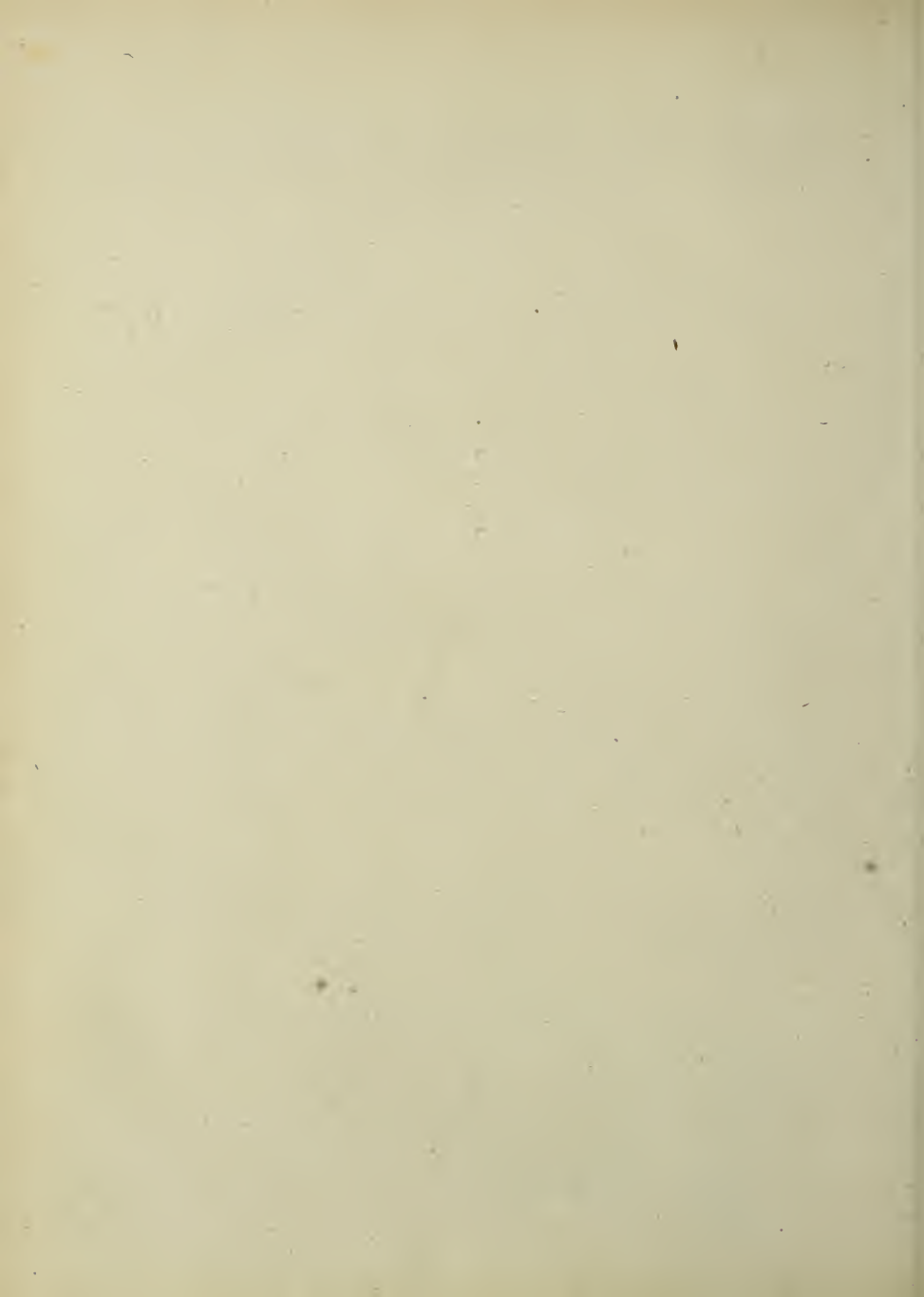
For wicked *Cleon* and his wife, when Fame
Had spread their cursed deed, the honord name
Of *Pericles*, to rage the Citty turne,
That him and his, they in his Pallace burne:
The gods for murder seemed so content,
To punish, although not done, but meant.

So, on your patience euermore attending,
New ioy waite on you, heere our play hath ending.

FINIS.

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